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NEW SOUTH WALES

EGAN CRANE, penniless American actor, who came to Australia in the desperate hope of finding work, figures in a startling act at the Colona Theatre the night of his arrival.

During the vaudeville programme there he accepts the invitation of mesmerist HERMAN FLAXMAN to come on to the stage and test the genuineness of his performance. Shortly afterwards one of Flaxman's "subjects" falls dead, stabbed in the back. INSPECTOR GORMLEY takes charge of the case.

The story flashes back to incidents of the day leading up to the murder. These include the strange experience of JANIE DORAN and BOB STRUTHERS, tap dancers under engagement to appear at the Colona in six weeks. An eccentric elderly woman, introducing herself to them as MIRIAM LINDEL, invited them to stay at her home at Parramatta.

Now read on:

FOR months Egan Crane had been forced to train his night-thoughts, directing them by sheer will-power away from the perturbing present into the pleasanter channels of the remote past.

Dismissing his immediate disappointments very deliberately, very determinedly, he'd think himself back into the good old days when the play was really the thing and the movies were no more than an intriguing new toy.

He'd recapture triumphs forgotten by all but himself, remembering little scraps of conversation, the compliments of that pretty woman in the train, for instance; those fervent, anonymous letters which he was sure had come from the doctor's wife in D———.

Most of all, the memorable scene on that great night in Oklahoma, when, at the end of the play, the audience had actually demanded five curtain calls. Not a large audience, certainly, but discerning.

Many a night he'd been lulled to sleep by the roar of that flattering acclamation.

But lying in bed in his Sydney hotel, Crane found it impossible to dismiss from his mind the disturbing fact that no one in Australia had, so far, evinced the slightest interest in his existence. Even Harry had greeted him without enthusiasm.

Queer coincidence running into him like that after all these years! Staring into the dark, Crane methodically reconstructed the events leading up to the tragedy of which he had been a near spectator.

He had hung about the hotel an hour or two after registering in case the reporters should call, and then, leaving a message at the desk to the effect that he would return for luncheon, strode through the vestibule and stood on the hotel steps watching the lively traffic.

The commissionaire, who wore war ribbons across his chest, saw a man of more than middle height and more than middle age, plump rather than portly, a trifle too immaculately dressed and too well-groomed in his opinion, to be a gentleman.

The commissionaire knew it took a certain amount of time to get a hat to set at that angle and that men who could spare that time usually didn't amount to much; not in his opinion, anyhow. He shrewdly suspected the sleek dark hair beneath the hat. ("If he gets a sudden appendix he'll come out of the ether as grey as a badger.")

The commissionaire observed the gloves and the silver-knobbed walking-stick on which Crane leaned as he gazed at the signs outside a theatre opposite.

"Pictures!" he was saying contemptuously under his breath. The commissionaire, equally contemptuous and also under his breath, was saying, "Ham!"

Egan Crane lit a cigarette. His hand cupped, he asked, "Which is the principal theatre here?"

"Movies?"

"No, no. The legitimate theatre."

"Ah! The legitimate. You mean plays. Not much now. There's one near the corner there. And another at King's Cross."

It wasn't encouraging. Crane buttoned his coat, set his shoulders, strode down the steps.

The pageboy gazed after him. "Who's he?"

"Came in to-day," the commissionaire informed him. "My lad, you can bet your socks he'll be gone to-morrow. Actor!"

"Movie?"

"No, no. A play actor. I've seen them here at this very pub in hundreds in the palmy days. Long before your time, my lad. Put up here, when the boat arrived, just for the address. Staying at the Palatial! Good publicity, see! Then, when they'd got it in the papers they were staying here, pouff! off they'd go to some Jack's-Come-Home at Darlinghurst. Mark my words about His Nibs. I give him two bed-and-breks—no more. You'll see."

But Egan Crane had not, of course, heard the dour prophecy. It was a glorious day. The trolley-cars—trams they called them—were noisy, and the street was busy. Quite a number of pretty girls, young, smartly dressed, passed him.

His spirits were dampened a little when he found the theatre. He had hoped the legitimate would be devoted to the legitimate. But the theatre was revelling in a Gilbert and Sullivan season. He noticed the announcement: "Sixth Week—The Mikado. Seventh Week—Patience."

He only hoped that the season was drawing to a close, but he had qualms. He knew the deadly routine—"Gondoliers," "Pirates," "Yeomen," "Iolanthe," "Pinafore," "Mikado," "Patience," probably "Ruddigore" and "Princess Ida"; then the eternal "by special request" revivals spinning the season out, keeping singers and chorus men in jobs, pushing real actors out.

He continued to walk rather aimlessly about the city, his faintly patronising air dissipating into unwilling recognition of the quality of some of the window displays.

Here was Art. Wax mannequins, magnificently life-like, had been posed by master hands. The spring models that adorned their pink nakedness were probably expensive, certainly attractive.

He thought he would walk through one of the larger stores and found himself in a vast department vivid with blossoms set amid the merchandise. Everywhere were huge sprays of yellow mimosa (wattle, they called it), and trees of flowering peach and almond, from the boughs of which swung silvered canary cages alive with singing prisoners.

They told him it was a spring opening.

As he came out of the store a newsboy yelled, "Paper," and he bought a copy. The lad offered him a penny change. He said, "Keep it," and the boy looked surprised, shrugged his shoulders and went off, yelling, "Y'are—paper—"

Egan Crane stood on the sidewalk among a number of people waiting for street-cars. He turned the pages of the paper and found the amusement advertisements. As he feared, they were chiefly movie announcements. Then he saw the announcement of the Colona, and asked a youth how to reach the theatre.

The lad told him the best way was to take the underground, and offered to show him.

As they walked along together, the youth eyed him sideways. "American, aren't you?" he asked at length.

"Do you mind?" Crane's smile was a little patronising.

The other grinned. "Me? No, I don't mind 'em," and then, with disarming candor, "sometimes they talk a lot."

"Indeed! You know many?"

"I met a couple boxers."

"I hope you won't judge us all by a—er couple boxers."

"Oh, I've seen 'em in the pictures, too. I met Waldo Francisco at a party. He was at the Colona a few weeks ago. Crooner. You in vaudeville?"

Egan Crane shuddered. What made the kid ask that? But he wasn't given time to answer.

"There you are," the youth said. "Down the steps. So long."

Crane thanked him. On the underground station, waiting for the train, he looked through his paper. He noted the heading, "Arrivals By The Alpara," and saw that there were short interviews with some of his fellow passengers, including the energetic Smith.

At the end there was a note: "Others who arrived by the vessel included." Followed then a list of names printed in nonpareil, set in alphabetical order. His own name was there—supposed to be there, rather. They'd misspelt it Crame, and cut the Egan to E.

Emerging from the underground, Crane was secretly pleased to note that the shops had become smaller and less attractive. There were none of the quality he had noted on the block where the canaries sang.

He knew he was glad. He wished a city entirely unlike New York or any other big American centre. He was prepared to crow on a dunghill. Really what he wanted was some place he wasn't afraid of.

He located the Colona Theatre without difficulty. Outside the stage door an untidy man was standing in the sun talking to a parrot. He was teaching the bird to hop over a series of miniature hurdles. He was coatless and wore long, leather gloves.

Every time the parrot avoided a jump he'd swear, and the parrot would bite him on the gauntlet.

"You'll get tired first," the man would say, and, picking the bird up, plomp him down at the end of the hurdles again. "Come on! Hop. Like a blinkin' kangaroo. D'ya hear? Like a blinkin' kangaroo."

Egan Crane stood watching, pretending to read the day-bill pasted on the rear wall of the theatre. The man kept telling the parrot to hop, using the same decorative swearing over and over again.

Crane read the bill carefully. He despised vaudeville, but he understood publicity values. He knew that top of the bill was the best position, bottom of the bill next best, and middle of the bill third best. He read:

Special engagement of
Herbert Flaxman,
World's Mightiest Mesmerist.

Flaxman had the star position. Some girl, "Australia's Sweetheart," had the bottom of the bill. In the middle was:

Pedro and Rosa Alvinado,
Miraculous Mexican Manipulators,
In a dexterous and daredevil display of knife-throwing and sharp-shooting.
See the Door of Death.

Please turn to page 12

By . . .
A. E. MARTIN

The girl's eyes dwelt for a moment on Crane, as her companion hurried her to the stage door.

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HELLO, ANGEL!

By . . . FRED LANE

"When you come home, the tree will be green with leaves and life," Mary said quietly.

JIMMY STEVENS? Didn't you hear about Jimmy? Where've you been, anyway? Oh — in South America installing transmitters. Well then, of course you didn't know Jimmy was pounding brass on the tanker Red Arrow the trip she caught fire and blew up near the Aleutians.

Jimmy figured it was his last voyage, since he had it all planned to swallow the anchor and live with Mary on that little half-acre they bought near San Jose.

Ever meet Mary—Jimmy's wife? You did? Then I guess you know she's about as sweet as they come. It used to give me a thrill to see those two together. Once, down at their place when Jimmy was home between trips, I helped them plant some stuff in their garden. It was a kick to see the fun they got out of planting things.

Sure, Jimmy got the SOS out all right. I was on the Silver Teak myself, at the time, bound for the Orient over the Great Circle. But we were too far east to help. It was one of those nasty nights you get up there; rough and wet and thick enough to keep the whistle going steadily. I was sitting in the shack with the cans on, and my feet on the steam radiator, when the distress call came through. I recognised the sending right away — Jimmy Stevens'. Remember that slow and easy fist of his?

Well, the coast stations started blasting for silence, and pretty soon Jimmy had the 500-kilocycle band all to himself. Seems like the Red Arrow walked through a thunderstorm, and lightning exploded one of the tanks aft. A couple of the crew were killed, and a lot more badly burned. The fire got out of control, so they had to take to the boats.

Jimmy? No, Jimmy stayed aboard. A lot of those men were in bad shape. They couldn't last long in the lifeboats in that kind of dirty weather, so Jimmy stuck around to get help.

Sure. I know he didn't have to stay after he got the SOS out, but there was only one ship around there that could do any good: the Ludvika—a Swedish freighter—inbound for Seattle. The Swedish operator had come on earlier to send in his position, so we knew he was close to the tanker. But he wouldn't be on again until he opened up later to clear the Seattle station, which he did every night—regular as clockwork—but that wouldn't be for another half-hour.

So, Jimmy said he was going to wait. And waiting on a burning tanker is like sitting on a stick of dynamite with the fuse lit.

I came on and told Jimmy to get off quick; that I'd stand by and give the Ludvika his position as soon as the Swede came on the air. Jimmy answered, slow and easy: "We been on dead reckoning for three days, so she'd have a tough time finding us unless I give him a signal to get a bearing on his compass. I'll stick and handle it."

Wasn't that just like Jimmy Stevens. That big, slow, shy guy who never tackled anything he didn't finish. Remember, in radio school, how he'd wrestle all night, sometimes, with problems on crystal coefficients or image reception, and next day show the rest of us how to do it? Swell guy, Jimmy. When he did a job, it had to be right. No halfway stuff for him.

Well, I sat there, listening and hoping and waiting—and praying, too. And I guess the rest of the Pacific was doing the same thing. When Jimmy started calling the coast station at Camel Rock, near Frisco, I tell you I was sitting on the edge of my chair, watching the clock and praying the Swede would come on early—before the tanker went up.

Sam Fox happened to be on at the Rock. You know Sam, don't you? He gave the go-ahead, and Jimmy answered: "I know this is against regulations, but please get Mary on the telephone and relay for us. But don't tell her what's up."

Sam tried to argue with Jimmy, same as I had, telling him to jump while he could. But Jimmy said no. Anyway, he'd already stuck around too long. The boats had gone, and there was a lot of burning oil on the sea—and would Sam please get Mary on the phone.

Sam snapped an okay and told Jimmy to stand by. When he came back again, he rapped out: "Okay Mary's on. Go ahead."

"Hello, Angel," Jimmy tapped out. He always called Mary "Angel," maybe because she's as close to being one as a girl could be. "Just a little lonesome to-night, Angel, and thinking about you——" Then he asked her about an apple tree he had planted. "Does it still look like a dead stick, Angel?"

The Rock acknowledged and then came back on with Mary's answer: "The buds are beginning to swell, Jimmy dear. You were right; it wasn't dead—it was only sleeping. When you come home, it will be green with leaves and life." And then she added: "Are you all right, Jimmy?" Well, code is cold and impersonal, but just the same you could feel the anxiety in the girl's words. After all, it was mighty unusual to get a message from Jimmy on a coded relay like that.

Jimmy came in, and Sam relayed his words: "It looked dead when we planted it, Angel, but I believe that nothing ever really dies. Still, here's what I wanted to tell you, Angel. Remember, I promised you that when I have my shore job, I'll always call you if I expect to be late coming home, so you'll never worry. So please try to understand, Angel—there's nothing to worry about, even though I might be quite late getting home, this time."

I suppose a thousand pairs of ears were listening, and a thousand pairs of eyes were watching the clock. The Red Arrow was still in one piece—and it was time for the Ludvika to come in.

Then a low, droning signal broke in, calling Seattle. It was the Swede, and Jimmy hopped on him fast and gave him the dope. The freighter said she was turning around and heading for the tanker's position at full speed. Meantime, Jimmy kept sending out long dashes for bearings; that is, he kept sending until his signal broke off suddenly.

That's about all, I guess, except that the Ludvika picked up the lifeboats, and there were no more casualties.

Jimmy? Sure, he got off. That last explosion broke the tanker in two, and Jimmy happened to be on the floating end and drifted out of the fire area. The fact is, if Jimmy had tried to get off when we begged him to, they'd probably never have picked him up—or the lifeboats either—until it was too late. But with the bearings it was a cinch.

Sure, Jimmy's living on his half-acre now. He always calls up Mary when he's going to be late. He doesn't want her or the twins to worry.

Why, certainly, they've got twins. You ought to know that Jimmy never was a guy to do things by halves.

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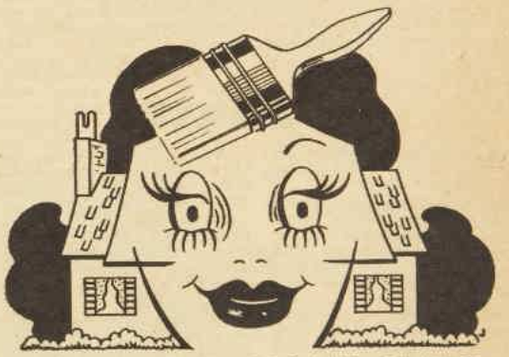

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FOR ROOFS AND OUTSIDE WALLS

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"What's the big idea, sneaking up here and locking me out?" Hank shouted at the grinning sailor, just as a blinding flash came from a news camera.

SNEAK ATTACK

Trouble followed Hank, but paid him dividends galore.

By RICHARD GORDON

HANK RILEY leaned back comfortably against his broad webbed safety belt and hummed a vague off-key tune as he worked. First the sponge, next the squeegee; and finally, as his own personal touch, a soft cloth here and there.

Usually the cloth wasn't necessary, but the customers thought it made their windows gleam with a certain super-brilliance.

Down below, automobiles crawled, and people scurried across the streets in disorderly hordes at carefully regulated intervals. Hank surveyed the scene briefly, and grinned a small grin which held a touch of disdain. Down there, life was just ordinary. But at the sixteenth-floor level, life was good.

The summer sun shone bright and warm. The breeze brought a faint bouquet of bay and marshland from miles away. And—most important of all—just one floor below were the offices of the Superior Sales Corporation, the place of employment of one Miss Sharon O'Neill.

Hank thought about what he was going to tell Miss O'Neill, and gave vent to his exuberance with a burst of lusty song, the lyrics of which he had learned when he was still wearing the jump-boots of a paratrooper.

A prim grey-haired woman at a green-topped desk just inside the window froze Hank with a glacial stare, and he ended the song abruptly. Just as abruptly the woman's stare changed to a smile. Thus she fell into the usual pattern of reaction to Hank Riley.

People liked Hank. The reflection in the windows he polished showed a shock of red hair, a liberal sprinkling of freckles, innocent blue eyes, and usually an expression of expansive satisfaction with the world at large. His field of attraction extended into the ranks of blondes, brunettes, and redheads of the opposite sex; but his blue eyes turned on the light of love for only one.

He believed, with reasonable accuracy, that Sharon felt the same way about him. But unfortunately, her mother firmly—and often vocally—disapproved of his occupation. Sharon's father had been a bridge-construction foreman until one day fifteen years ago when he missed his footing. Ever since, his widow had counselled her daughter never to marry a man with a hazardous occupation.

"She's right," Sharon often told Hank. "If I married you, I'd be scared silly every time I heard an ambulance siren. You really ought to get into some work that's a little safer, if you want to live to tell your grandchildren about how you won the war."

Hank was whistling when he walked into the office of the Superior Company, and six feminine heads turned in his direction, and six smiles flashed on.

He waved gaily to all of them, and then focused his attention upon one. Sharon's green eyes sparkled, and her flaming hair shone as if it had been burnished. She looked fresh-scrubbed and healthy, and beautiful. Hank's heart went through its customary acrobatic routine, but he forced himself to be calm, and motioned for her to lean close to him.

"Honey, I've got news," he whispered, and his smile faded into a look of intent seriousness. "The boss is going to pick one of the men to come into the office and help him, and later sort of take over the management end of things."

"Oh, Hank, could it be—"

"Could it?" he exclaimed aloud, and the smile came back like sunlight through clouds. "It's going to be! I'll see to that!"

"But what about the others?" Sharon was the serious one now, watching him closely, with a shade of doubt in her eyes.

"He has thirty men working for him," Hank said. "Counting my time before the war, I must rank fifth or sixth in seniority. But the others are older, almost ready to quit the business; and the boss will certainly want somebody younger."

"Oh, I hope so, Hank!" Sharon said it fervently, as if she were praying—perhaps for the scent of orange blossoms, and later the patter of little Riley feet.

Hank gave the Superior windows extra-special treatment. Everything had to be extra-special from now on; there couldn't be any slip-ups.

Later that day he sat in the office of Joe Jeffers, head of Acme Window-Cleaning Service. The boss shifted his solid, block-like weight back in his protesting swivel chair, smoothed a dozen greying hairs across the top of his shiny head, and puffed slowly on his pipe. He considered Hank thoughtfully, and with an expression which might have contained a soupcon of misgiving.

"Yes, you've got a chance for the job," Jeffers said slowly, "but so has every other man that's workin' for me. I want somebody that can keep things runnin' smooth-like—a guy that can meet people and drum up new business. I want somebody to take most of the weight off my shoulders."

He sighed as if envisioning the burden which his words described.

"I can do that," Hank said eagerly. "I get along well with people."

"Maybe," Jeffers said. "But I want a level-headed fellow." He waved a hairy paw for silence as Hank opened his mouth, and continued: "It was you, wasn't it, that dropped the sponge from the eighth floor of the Trust Building and hit the president of the bank smack on the head?"

Hank flushed. "Yes," he said in a small, meek voice; "but that was an accident."

"I doubt it," Jeffers declared bluntly. "And as I recall, you were the one that scared all the nurses at City Hospital—not to mention the poor sick people—wearin' that false face while you washed the windows."

Hank squirmed in his chair and studied his fingernails carefully, as if he expected to find something of great importance there. "That was before the war," he said, "I'm older now."

"Well," Jeffers said, leaning forward to knock the ashes from his pipe, "I'm not goin' to make my choice right away. I've got my eye on several of you men. I'm advisin' you to stick to business and cut out the clownin'."

"There'll be nothing but business from now on," Hank said earnestly, raising his right hand slightly as if to give his words the weight of solemn oath . . .

Hank was on the job next morning by seven o'clock. Again it was a beautiful day. He was working the Jefferson Building, in the heart of the business section, and he had decided to do all the corridor and washroom windows before the offices opened. This would boost his total of windows for the day, and, he hoped, elevate him in the estimation of Jeffers.

He yawned as he swabbed and squeegeed the windows on the sixth floor. He had been up till past midnight reading a book entitled: "Persuasive Salesmanship—How To Get Ahead."

"Getting a job, making a sale, winning the girl—it all adds up to salesmanship." That's what the book said.

Hank gestured at his own reflection in a manner he hoped was persuasive. "Now, Mr. Jeffers," he said, "I have a few ideas which I think will improve the business. I have them all listed here, and if you can spare just one minute, I'll be happy to tell you about them."

"An idea is no good if it can't be sold," the book said.

Going on with his sales talk, Hank ended: "Thank you very much, Mr. Jeffers, and I assure you that you won't regret choosing me as your assistant."

He glanced down at the awakening city benignly, and smiled as he saw a sailor moving along the sidewalk in a careful zigzag course, as if afraid of submarines.

"Running around all night, spending his money," Hank clucked to himself. The smile faded, and he shook his head. "That's no good. A fellow ought to improve himself and get ahead and then settle down with a nice girl."

He opened the window, unfastened his safety-belt, and climbed in with his paraphernalia. He walked down the corridor, turned right, and went to another window. He washed the inside, and then climbed on to the ledge and began working on the outside. He sloshed the sponge into the bucket on the ledge at his feet and wet the glass thoroughly. Then he began to use the squeegee, and as his reflection appeared in the glass he started a new sales-talk.

"Now, Mr. Jones," he said, "I know you're busy, and I'm not going to bother you. I merely want to give you five good reasons why you need Acme Window-Cleaning Service."

He gestured at his reflection, and moved his feet apart, taking a firm stance as he gave himself up to the role of a salesman. His right foot struck metal, and he dived for the bucket, holding to the safety-belt with his left hand and catching the edge of the bucket with his right. But already the water that had been in the bucket was well on its way to earth.

"Look out!" Hank yelled as he saw the sailor, who had come round the corner of the building and zigzagged directly into the path of the falling water. But it was too late. The water scored a direct hit, and the sailor stood soaked and bedraggled in the middle of a widening pool on the sidewalk.

Slowly the sailor put out a hand, palm up, as if testing for rain, and finally he turned a bewildered face upward.

"Sorry, fella," Hank yelled, trying to keep from laughing. "It was an accident."

The sailor stared blankly for a moment, and then his outstretched hand became a fist, which he waved belligerently. He shouted something, but Hank couldn't hear what he said.

Finally the sailor resumed his zigzag course, carrying his soaked cap in his hand. Four or five minutes later, after Hank had refilled his bucket in a washroom and returned to the window, he glanced down to see how the sailor was doing. But the zigzagging pedestrian was nowhere in sight. Hank studied the street carefully, wondering if the sailor might have run foul of a lamp-post.

Then, as he looked down, he heard a click. Just a little click, but ominous. He turned back to the window; and there, leering through the plate-glass, not three feet away, was the sailor. His bleary eyes were bright with glee, and he pointed at the latch on the window and nodded his head emphatically.

Hank reached over and tried the window. It wouldn't move. The sailor shook his head solemnly from side to side.

"Hey!" Hank yelled. "That was an accident. I didn't mean to drop water on you."

The sailor grinned. "This is an accident too," he shouted through the glass. "I didn't mean to lock it."

"Come on," Hank pleaded. "Unfasten the window."

The sailor pursed his lips and shook his head silently.

"Please!" Hank shouted. "There's no other way to get down."

The sailor nodded in happy agreement.

"Unlock the window, and I'll buy you a drink!" Hank yelled.

"Thanks," the sailor shouted, "but I jus' had one."

"You open this window!" Hank screamed. "Open it, or I'll call a cop!"

"You'll have to call pretty loud," the sailor said. Then he waved cheerfully and disappeared down the corridor.

Hank looked to right and left. There were no ledges leading to the other windows. He could kick this window in—if he didn't lose his balance in the effort—but plate-glass costs money, and what Jeffers would say would not be polite. He was stuck there until people began entering the building; and most of the offices did not open before eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Hank muttered a few vivid, carefully chosen phrases, and then settled back to wait.

Less than half an hour had passed when he saw a small group of people gathered on the sidewalk across the street. One of them was in the uniform—rather wrinkled—of the U.S. Navy. Another had a newspaper camera, which he seemed to be aiming at Hank. After a while the little group moved across the street and entered the Jefferson Building.

Please turn to page 20

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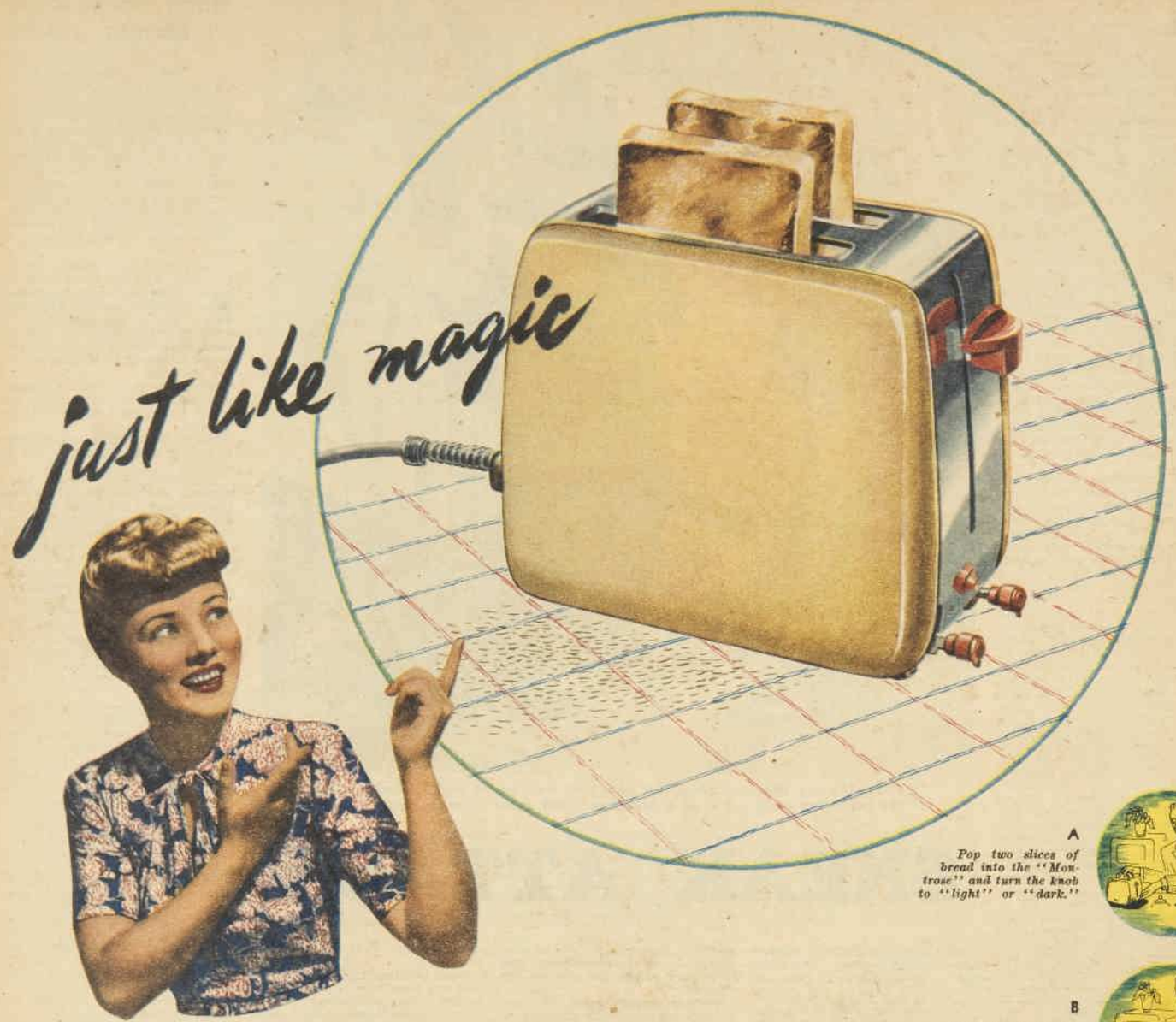
just like magic

A

Pop two slices of bread into the "Montrose" and turn the knob to "light" or "dark."

B

Depress the position lever and then pick up your paper and forget the whole thing.

C

Scan the headlines but don't try to read any further because—

D

Within 100 seconds up pop your two slices all ready for the butter knife.

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HAND IN GLOVE

By . . .
Mark Hannah

Helen and Ned, equally astonished, could only stare at the gloves.

As he made a last frantic search, he knew that he had lost another pair. He stood there in the tiny hallway with a frown of useless despair.

It always happened on a morning like this. A morning when he would have to sit hands in pockets in the railway carriage to prevent his fingers falling off with cold.

"Going now, darling?" Helen said, from the kitchen.

"Yes. I'll catch the 8.40," he said, shrugging into his overcoat. Helen came out to say good-bye. You wouldn't glance at her twice in the street. Once was enough, and then those blue eyes, the sweep of chestnut hair, and the wide, smiling mouth were pinned in your memory for the remainder of the day.

"Mrs. Dale, this is most irregular!" he told her as he held her back in mock reproof. "After all, we have been married three months."

"—and ten days, Ned," Helen corrected, and snuggled closer to him. "I suppose you had better go."

"I think the boss would second that," said Ned, looking at his watch.

"But, darling," she asked, "where are your gloves? It's freezing outside."

It had to be faced. "I—I'm afraid I lost them," he confessed.

"Ned! Not again!"

"I—I'm certain that I had them last night. But this morning—"

"Darling," she reproached, "that's three pairs since the beginning of winter."

"I know," Ned agreed. "I must be allergic to them. That's the curse of being a copy-writer. The old top-story works in and out of the office. And I just can't remember about things."

"So long as you don't forget to come home," Helen told him. "I won't mind."

He brightened suddenly. "Look, I just had an idea," he said. "Gloves but of a shop don't mean a thing. There's no—no sentiment attached to them. Now, if you knitted me a pair——"

She hesitated. "Well—I mean, what difference would that make?"

"Why, they would be yours. I bet I wouldn't lose them. Not if I had to hang them round my neck during work hours."

"All right, then. I—I'll start them as soon as I can get the wool. What color do you want?"

"Any sort," said Ned, and gave a yelp at his watch. "I have to go. Make 'em blue," he suggested, and then he was away with the door banging behind him.

Helen went back to the kitchen to wash the breakfast things. Occasionally she stopped the dishcloth in the middle of a plate. A tiny frown lingered between her brows.

Being secretary to J.K. and living at a guest-house had hardly been a fair start. Cooking and looking after a three-roomed flat had seemed an airy trifle at first. Until the day she made three puddings in a row. The last desperate endeavor had ended in tears, with the afternoon's work in the garbage can. The first month had almost broken her heart, so say nothing of her temper.

Ned had been sympathetic and patient. Poor dear, he must have been hungry that first month.

It was different now. Yesterday she had even induced a sponge to stand up according to the picture in the cookery book.

One thing had kept her going. Ned thought she was doing a wonderful job; at least he said so. He appeared to think that there was nothing that she could not tackle successfully, not knowing to what lengths her patience was tried. Of course, the flat shone when he came home in the evening. The tasty dinner that she had prepared after heroic efforts he ate with careless relish, as though it had been whipped up in five minutes.

But those gloves were on her mind. As she put the last plate on the drying rack she decided that she would buy the wool that afternoon.

A few mornings later Helen surprised Ned with the newly knitted pair.

"Why, that's wonderful," he told her. "How do you manage to know all these things?"

"Oh—I suppose I picked them up as I went along," she said, feeling the color running to her cheeks.

He looked astonished. "I didn't even see you knitting them."

"Of course not," Helen explained. "Didn't you know that blue is a hard color to knit under a light?"

"As a matter of fact, I did not," Ned grinned. "Nothing ever beats you, does it?"

"Well—sometimes. You'll look after them, won't you?"

"Darling," he said as he kissed her, "I'll have them when we celebrate our golden jubilee."

Buying his paper from the newsboy at the station, he felt as proud as when he had worn his first schoolcap. Or the day the General had pinned the M.M. on his tunic back at Lae.

In the carriage he shook out his paper with a certain exaggeration, with the hope that some of the regulars would remark on Helen's handiwork. They remained stodgily engrossed in the news. He had to restrain himself from becoming a knee-tapper.

He met the publicity man as he approached the office. Taking off his gloves and stuffing them in his pocket, Ned started talking about the layout of the Humber hats contract.

Round about twelve, and after a session with the chief, who was in a grouchy mood, he decided to have lunch. It had been an exhausting morning. The sky looked black enough to take his overcoat. He hunched into it and walked along to the lift. He smiled as his hand felt the gloves in his pocket.

Please turn to page 25

WHAT A SHAME NOT TO KNOW

bleeding gums may mean

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Romance in air at Bonegilla migrants' camp

Baltic men and women are fine types, already love Australia

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

Romance is in the air at the Commonwealth Immigration Reception and Training Centre at Bonegilla, near Albury, New South Wales, where the first of 12,000 displaced persons to settle here are learning the Australian way of life.

When some of the girls were asked whether they would care to Anglicise or shorten their almost universally unpronounceable surnames, they shook their heads and grinned, "No! It wouldn't be worth while. We will probably change them soon."

END OF THE RAINBOW for lovely 23-year-old Lithuanian typist Erica Elken and 24-year-old Estonian Werner Baumann was reached when they were married at the Bonegilla Centre a week after their arrival.

FORMER BALLERINA Antonia Baranovskis, of Latvia, hopes to dance again for a living some day in Australia, but meanwhile she will be a waitress at Canberra.

SCENT of gum-leaves is a dream turned into reality for Eli Poldre, former Latvian typist working with UNRRA in Germany, who sought permission to come to Australia from Minister for Immigration (Mr. Calwell) when he visited Displaced Persons' Camp near Bremen a few months ago.

TYPISTS AND WAITRESSES-ELECT for Canberra had just attended a lecture on the geographical features and layout of the Federal capital.

AFTER falling under the spell of the lovely looks and fine, courageous personalities of these girls, all I can say is that Australian men will be very unenterprising if they don't seek those changes.

Dr. Ralph Crossley, who is in charge of the Centre, tells the story that one girl to whom he had remarked, encouragingly, "You'll soon settle into the Australian way of life," knowingly agreed, "Yes! Yes! Of course, I will find heem."

But Australian men will find strong competition in the girls' own countrymen, who vastly outnumber the girls at the Centre.

Already there has been one marriage among Baltic men and women, who are in the first group of displaced persons to come here. A week after their arrival in Australia 23-year-old Lithuanian Erica Elken married 24-year-old Estonian Werner Baumann.

The men are also most enthusiastic about Australian women and feel great pleasure that the girls in the district are invited to social functions at the Centre.

But their countrywomen will probably beat them to the matrimonial mark.

Heaven to be here

JUST being in Australia is heaven itself to these migrants, and they feel they can best show their gratitude by taking the jobs Australia wants them to fill, but most of all they long to settle down, marry, and bring up Australian families.

The sight of Commonwealth Immigration Department officers and Education Department teachers, with their sleeves rolled up, doing menial tasks, cleaning out former Army huts, untenanted for the past two years, and getting them ready for occupation, was the first lesson in the Australian way of life for the migrants.

The lesson was by accident, not design. But it vividly impressed on the newcomers that the Australian code is "never expect anyone to do anything you wouldn't do yourself if necessary."

Within half an hour of their arrival the migrants were on the job, spring-cleaning and weeding paths between their huts, too, on their own initiative.

They soon found, also, that jobs they eagerly volunteered to do, outside their personal chores, carried the same award rates as Australians would have received if they had been available for the work at the Centre.

This was a practical interpretation of the phrase they learned in class, "a fair go," and migrants, who automatically stiffened to attention when approached by officers at the Centre, are smilingly waved to relax and told, "You're not in prison camp now. Australians and migrants are equal."

Shyly, they flash back grateful appreciation and mentally chalk up our democratic ideal.

They respond with simple dignity, child-like trust, and a sort of old-world courtliness.

When I suggested we might as well sit down, one of the men quickly whipped a crumpled hankie from his pocket and smoothed it out on the splintery fence-railing where I was about to sit.

The friendly attitude of Australians to each other and the migrants is more startling to them than the fruit and white bread, which they eat with greater relish than cake.

"Everywhere in Europe people are pushing each other around and no one can make a friend," they told me.

"Here people are so kind and polite, with good manners, just like it was in our own homes when we were children before the war.

"And the music that comes over the wireless is the same music we used to hear in our own countries. We thought we would only hear American music here.

"We are so happy to be here we want to learn everything so much, so that we will never do anything to make the Australians not like us."

When it was announced recently that these hand-picked Baltic migrants were coming to Australia as the vanguard of 12,000 displaced persons, the Commonwealth Immigration Department recruited the help of more than 20 Victorian and New South Wales Education Department teachers and University students who were able to speak German, together with a handful of authorities on the Baltic States.

Led by Dr. Crossley, of Sydney University, teachers whole-heartedly offered to give up their summer school vacation and spend the time teaching migrants the essentials of Australian life, and how to read and write simple English.

A good percentage of the women migrants were able to speak English when they arrived, but men of three nationalities, Estonia, Lithuania, and Latvia, were unable to speak either English or German. They had been picked-up, as forced labor workers in Germany during the war, and could not even converse freely among themselves.

MARRIED just before they sailed for Australia, former metallurgist Algirdas Laubinskas and his wife, Balanda, a teacher, will do any kind of work Australia wants them to.

So, when you visit the Commonwealth Immigration Reception and Training Centre at Bonegilla you feel a bit like Alice in Wonderland.

Here at this former Army camp in the Australian bush, you think you have stumbled on something that is a cross between a toddlers' kindergarten and a highly intellectual university town.

I made a tour of the Centre, and peeked a while outside some of the huts used as lecture rooms by groups of migrants.

Everywhere I found the direct approach method of teaching.

At the first, migrants with hardly any understanding of English were memorising objects and words associated with them as the lecturer selected a miscellaneous assortment of everyday things.

Pronunciation aimed at has been that of educated Australians, including a vocabulary of popular slang terms.

Another class was roaring with laughter as I approached.

After familiarising themselves with Australian coins and the fact that 20 shillings made a pound and a "bob" meant the same as a shilling, Dr. Crossley, by spontaneously singing the song, "Good-bye, Melbourne Town," had just informed them that having no money at all meant you were "stony broke."

Then he pointed to pictures of birds on a chart.

This is a magpie. Magpies live in those gum-trees out there. This is a stork. Storks are birds that bring babies in Europe. There are no storks in Australia, but we still have babies.

The class was in an uproar again.

In another hut the mechanics of government, the Australian Constitution, how Parliament is elected, and how to vote were being explained to more advanced students.

From Miss Rosalie Collins, North Sydney Girls' High School teacher, some girls were learning the havoc wrought by bush fires in Australia, and why lighted cigarette butts must never be discarded carelessly.

She also told them the difference between scantics, panties, and bloomers, and how much change they would receive out of two shillings if they bought a stamp to write someone a letter.

Further along, former UNRRA worker Miss Helen Heney, of Sydney, who first met a number of these migrants two years ago, when she was working in Germany, was being asked, by a member of her class, how much it would cost to buy a sewing machine, after she had told the girls that the average Australian girl makes a lot of her clothes with the aid of paper patterns.

Metres into yards

ENTHRALLED, they fingered little bundles of material patterns, which Miss Heney used to illustrate her talk, and accustomed themselves to thinking in the future in terms of yard measures instead of metres, when buying materials.

Across the way, came the voices of men happily singing the rhyme, "One man went to mow a meadow, two men went to mow a meadow," to master the art of counting up to ten in English.

Round the corner came the words "Achtung! (attention), pass me the blank (very Australian adjective) hammer, Bill."

The migrants include 263 Latvians, 435 Lithuanians, and 142 Estonians.

Their occupations are listed as laborers, 506; builder's laborers, 76; farm hands, 142; domestics, 18; hospital domestics, 9; waitresses, 35; housemaids, 15; trainee nurses, 6; and 32 typists.

Their employment is being arranged by the Commonwealth Employment Service officers.

For a year, at least, they will all remain in the type of occupation they agreed to fill, before sailing for Australia.

In this way, men and women with higher qualifications than laborers and waitresses will, nevertheless, continue to fill those jobs as long as required.

OUR COVER

THE baby on our cover this week was photographed by Constance Bannister, famous American baby and child photographer, whose amusing and unusual strips of baby antics appear in The Australian Women's Weekly as often as space permits.

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Editorial

JANUARY 3, 1948

HOPES FOR NEW YEAR

NEW YEAR is the time for renewing hope and restoring faith in the future. Such hope and faith have worn a little thin during the first half of the twentieth century.

The generation born in its opening ten or fifteen years had their childhood shadowed by the first World War, adolescence blighted by world depression, and manhood darkened by the recent war.

Some of them are punch drunk, so inured to recurring disaster that their faith in the future is beyond reviving.

Others are walking proof that hope springs eternal in the human breast. They continue to believe that there is a good time coming, even if they don't know when.

They join with the young in a lusty welcome to the New Year.

For there are always the young, the new generation to keep hope in sight, and faith in focus.

Untried they may be; but they are also untired.

From their vigor the tired old world draws courage to carry on.

Those who live with one eye on the atom bomb and with a constant nagging awareness of the world's ills should get out among the young and absorb some of their optimism.

Many of these young folk are thoughtful and earnestly alive to problems of the day. But it would never occur to them that there could be reason to despair.

They, like the year ahead, are new.

Good luck to them, and to all who toast the New Year —whether with foreboding or with faith.

AULD LANG SYNE at the guest house, as seen by artist Sprod.

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

NEW YEAR is, to me, the most appealing of all the year's celebrations.

In a way it is a highly personal festival, compounded of everyone's own superstitions and hopes.

Resolutions, for instance, are only of personal interest, except when they're of the self-denying kind. Then the resolve of one member of a family to give up, say, cigarettes can well blight the first few weeks of January for all the others.

You may feel that resolutions are only for the immature. But I like them, the way I like New Year. In a few days it will be stale, and become just another year.

But meantime, with the date calendars and diaries unspotted, you never know what will happen. And it might be nice.

* * *

KING'S CROSS, where I live, is always packed with people on New Year's Eve, thousands of them visitors from other suburbs who come to see the locals celebrate.

There is a widespread and erroneous belief that King's Cross is entirely populated with raffish citizens who are seldom sober and wear carnival caps all the year round.

Some years I have felt that we are inclined to let the visitors down, as the number of obliging merry-makers singing and dancing on the tramlines seems hardly large enough to justify the eager audience.

Besides, the King's Cross population has changed considerably. Once children were a rarity. The bachelors and spinsters who married moved to the outer suburbs to raise their families.

Now anyone who has a flat, no matter how small, perforce must stick to it, and bride and bridegroom move in.

Result is that families now live in what were designed as bachelor apartments, and in our street, overlooked by towering flats, we have a rising young cricket team tangling with the afternoon traffic.

* * *

AFTER the Foreign Ministers' Conference in London broke down, the delegates drank champagne. According to the cables, Mr. Bevin toasted M. Molotov, who toasted Mr. Bevin and M. Bidault.

When Molotov, Bevin, and Bidault
Gave the glasses a farewell clink,
Did they murmur: "Here's luck to you, kiddo,"
Or "Cheers"? Now, what do YOU think?
More likely, their faces were wry,
As they muttered, "Here's mud in your eye!"

THE problem of changing a name in an endeavor to change an attitude has cropped up again.

Minister for Immigration, Mr. Calwell, has asked that we stop calling people "migrants," because the word sometimes places newcomers at a disadvantage.

His motives are admirable, but, as I remarked some time ago when there was a similar move about the word "foreigner," it's not the word, but our insularity that needs changing.

At that time I received a letter from a Dutch Jewess, a naturalised Australian, whose own experience in this country had been very happy. On the subject of pleasanter names for foreigners she quoted a French proverb: "C'est le ton qui fait la musique."

The literal meaning is "It's the tune that makes the music," but I'm told it's more appropriately translated as: "It's the emphasis that makes the meaning."

Anyhow, I read that Mr. Calwell is open to suggestions for a pleasanter word than migrants. He suggested "New Australians." But newspaper workers hope he chooses something shorter.

"New Australians" would be the very devil to get into a single column heading. Which accounts for the fact that you often see these latest migrants referred to as "Balts" in daily paper headings.

* * *

"EVERY boy and every gal that's born into this world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative," runs the song from Iolanthe.

All that could be altered, according to a famous Swedish brain specialist, who announced recently (so a cable from New York says) that he had changed a Swedish Communist into a Conservative by operating on his brain.

The doctor says that previously his patient was always worrying about the state of the world, but that after the operation he didn't worry at all.

There appears to be a notable flaw in the doctor's theory. He assumes that Communists are the only people who are worried about the state of the world.

I know some extremely choleric Conservatives. The mere mention of Mr. Chifley in any amiable context makes them positively apoplectic.

* * *

THEY say that the American radio industry is startled by Columbia Network's discovery of a method of finding out by radar what programmes people are listening to.

The radar device, attached to the radio, reports back to the transmitter.

Oh, well, they needn't get really frantic. You can't throw tomatoes by radar yet.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

Interesting People

AIR VICE-MARSHAL F. BLADIN

. . . new appointment

"DAD" is unofficial title his men have for popular Air Vice-Marshal Francis Bladin, recently appointed Air Officer Commanding Eastern Area H.Q., who started many distinguished Australian fliers on their way while commander of Point Cook Flying Training School. He won the C.B.E. for work in North-west Area, was first Australian awarded American Silver Star. Before taking his new appointment he was Chief of Staff, B.C.O.F., Japan.

MISS MARY FLOYD WILLIAMS

. . . Australian-American novel

AMERICAN author Mary Floyd Williams, who is a member of the staff of the University of California, has written a historical novel, with scenes in Van Diemen's Land and in California in the gold-rush days. She spent a year in Australia and was very impressed with the history of Port Arthur. She says: "The Tasmanian prelude to the story was written from personal observation as well as historical study."

MR. JACOB LATEINER

. . . pianist is also scholar

TALL, heavy-set, with brown hair, grey eyes, Jacob Lateiner, brilliant 19-year-old pianist, who will play here next year with the A.B.C., combines profound intellect with boyish charm. He is a self-made scholar, excels in mathematics, history, philosophy, literature. Dislikes academic institutions, believes you learn more if you teach yourself, provided you receive right direction from the authorities. His relaxations include swimming, hiking, sailing.

Your BERLEI TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATION fits shape as well as size, so ask for a personal fitting.

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Shopping in Japan presents few difficulties

STOCKING COUNTER AT KURE HOUSE. Australian servicemen's wives being served with stockings by Japanese girls. In the picture are Mrs. Carlus and her daughter Patricia; Mesdames A. Manus; D. McInnes, Newtown; C. S. Benson, Glenbrook, N.S.W.

A JAPANESE VILLAGE STORE with the typical mixed pile of goods outside. Dependents sometimes buy trifles at these stores.

No transport problems, no parcels to carry, plenty of goods to buy

By ALICE JACKSON,
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has been visiting Japan

After years of battling with shopping difficulties in Australia, wives of B.C.O.F. personnel must find shopping in Japan the perfect rest cure.

No crowds. No queues. No waiting. Instead, a carefully planned system to make their lot happy and comfortable.

HOME delivery of fresh meat, vegetables, and fruit—apples and oranges—is made weekly by the Army Service Corps. No perishable goods are purchasable from stores run by B.C.O.F. Canteen Services.

It cost £1,000,000 to establish this service in Japan. The whole organisation was financed by the Australian Army Canteen Services. It is responsible for all trading organisations within B.C.O.F. It supplies all personal requirements, operates canteens, gift shops, family shops, canteens for officers and other ranks.

Deputy Director of Canteens B.C.O.F. in Japan is Colonel S. Reid. Director of Australian Army Canteen Services is Colonel W. B. Leonard. Quartermaster-General is Major-General Bridgeford, and Adjutant-General is Major-General Anderson.

The capital supplied to B.C.O.F. canteens will be repaid to the Australian Army Canteen Services from trading profits. From this source, also, the B.C.O.F. Canteen Service allots each month money for the C.-in-C.'s Special Amenities Fund. All profits remain in Japan for the benefit of B.C.O.F.

Prices of groceries are higher than in Australia, but families get housing, use of furniture, furnishings, and household equipment, light, phone, power, education, medical and dental care, recreation, and entertainment facilities—all free.

Clothing is rationed on the 1945 Australian basis, but the coupon allowance is 50 per person every four months.

Dry-cleaning and repairs to footwear are all very reasonably priced. Most laundry is done at home by the house-girls, but, apart from this, laundry prices are also moderate.

Reasonable prices

FOR example, a two-piece costume can be dry-cleaned for 3/4, a pair of heavy woollen trousers for 1/4, adults' shoes can be half-soled and heeled for 2/9, children's from five up to fourteen years for 2/2, and below five years for 1/4.

Families may send two bags of laundry containing 30 articles each to be washed, dried, and folded—not ironed—for 2/6 a bag.

All prices are quoted in sterling. Currency used throughout B.C.O.F. is British Armed Forces Vouchers, known as Bafs.

Stores and gift shops are established in all areas, and in some there are also beauty salons.

The grocery store at Hiro looked like a busy suburban departmental store on the morning I called. In charge is Cpl. J. Eddison. This store stocks 360 lines of groceries and was servicing 170 families. Another 100 families were due shortly.

Cigarettes, soap, sweets, and spirits are rationed, but a number of lines, such as tinned fruits, salmon, asparagus, sardines, long unprocurable in Australia, are in ample supply.

Some lines were brought from Hongkong because they could not be bought in Australia.

Method of shopping for the Hiro housewife is interesting. Times are allotted to wives for shopping at hours which suit them, and in convenient groups. Transport is provided and wives come in with their shopping lists and house-girls. The wife gives her order, sees it packed on the counter, and then hands over to the house-girl, who watches it loaded on to the delivery van.

Average time taken to get the week's grocery order is fifteen minutes. Casual and supplementary purchases can be made at any time.

This store has a 24,000 cubic feet capacity freezer, stocked with all kinds of poultry and delicatessen goods.

GROCERY STORE, HIRO. From left: Mesdames J. Rosser, Melbourne; N. McAllister, Sydney; D. Fisher, Melbourne; house-girl; A. Abraham, Leura, N.S.W.; house-girl; W. A. Frewen, Perth; Hanson, Brisbane. Cpl. J. Eddison (far left) is in charge of the store.

The Dependents' Shop at Kure, in charge of S/Sgt. Downey, services about 700 people in the area.

Kure House, in which it is situated, is a most extensive centre, including a gift shop, library, canteens, and an up-to-date beauty salon with all the most modern equipment for permanent waving, massage, and other beauty treatments. It is in charge of Cpl. McCann. Chief staff operator is Mrs. Iwai, a Nisei, trained in America.

All eight cubicles were occupied on the day of my visit. Permanent waves, with a choice of four types, cost £2 each. Non-electric type waves cost £1. Shampoo and set is 3/6, and facial massage 6/-.

The Amenities 34 Brigade bulk store at Kure supplies general sporting goods. It is in charge of W./O. R. W. Durant, Melbourne. Most of the goods go to clubs, but if sufficient stores are available items can be purchased by individuals.

All kinds of sport material are stocked and also such furnishing materials as tapestry, floor rugs, sewing machines, sports clothing, and china.

Tapestry I looked at included a good range of heavy quality 48in. width at 8/- a yard, with lighter "Wiggan" types at 2/7. Indian drugget rugs, size 9ft. by 7ft. 6in., were £7/16/-. Jones model electric sewing machines were £35/4/-, and Jones treadle models £26.

White tennis trousers were 23/3 a pair.

This store had a large supply of white English ironstone china bought from Naval Supply surplus. Prices for dozens were: Large white cups 11/3, saucers 8/4, dinner plates 11/7, soup plates 9/-, and bread and butter plates 8/-.

Troops get first preference of certain scarce items such as sandshoes and tennis racquets.

Many families have portable gramophones, which have been available through Japanese sources.

They buy electric pick-ups at this store and make their own cases. A large supply of records is stocked, most popular being Inkspots, Spike Jones and his City Slickers, Crosby, Sinatra, and Victor Silvester's Orchestra.

Special gift shops

GIFT shops are popular shopping spots. These shops all carry stocks purchased by S.C.A.P. (Supreme Commander, Allied Powers), which has established a Chief Purchasing Office and to which are attached liaison officers from 8th Army, from the American Navy, from Korea, and also from B.C.O.F. Of the available supplies each component gets a pro-rata share according to its strength.

Purchasing officers are all experienced men. Purchasing Officer B.C.O.F. is Major H. J. Rooke, Royal Engineers. Captured in Greece and a P.O.W. in Germany, Major Rooke was in business in Japan before the war.

Prices of goods are fixed by S.C.A.P. The Japanese submit their prices and buyers decide whether they want the goods at price quoted. S.C.A.P. purchases in bulk and makes no profit out of passing on the goods to B.C.O.F.

Pearls, priced from £3 to £15 a string, silks, scarves, kimonos are gift items always in demand.

Luxury items such as pearls, fountain pens, travelling cases, cameras, and binoculars are balloted for.

CLOTHING STORE at Kure House. Mrs. J. Pratt, of Griffith, N.S.W., purchases material. Behind counter are Miss R. Dunk, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, a Japanese girl assistant, and S/Sgt. Downey, who is in charge.

PERMANENT WAVE for Mrs. R. D. Hicks, of Carnegie, Melbourne, with Cpl. McCann, N.S.W., technical adviser to all B.C.O.F. hairdressing salons, supervising. Cpl. McCann formerly owned hairdressing business.

Stroke grey streaks away with Hillcastle Hair Pencil — 7 colours — long lasting. All chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

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A Thousand Looked On

JUST then, the man who had been training the parrot sauntered over.

"Look where they got me," he said, pointing to the bill. "'Joe Parotti's Parrots.' The best act on the bill and crowded among the fish and chips."

Egan Crane made a little murmur of sympathy. He could understand this. There'd been a day when he'd fought hard for his rights to be featured. He sighed. Latterly, he knew he'd been glad to be among the fish and chips.

Joe Parotti looked him over.

"In the profesh., aren't you?"

"Legit."

The parrot trainer's expression was commiserating. "Well, you poor so-and-so," he said. "You're in the wrong country. You ought to go to America."

Two people approached. A man, tall, thin, swarthy, hatless. He had sleeked black hair and long side-levers. Crane, who had never seen one, thought he looked like a toreador.

The girl was definitely striking. She wore a coat and skirt, caressing and emphasising a full figure. A small hat, absurdly like a bunch of scarlet geraniums, clung to her short, black wavy hair, tilting a little, rakishly, over one eye. Under her arm she hugged an over-large red handbag. Flamboyant, Crane thought. Carmen come to town.

Her eyes were big, black, and challenging. She looked bursting with health. She smiled at Joe Parotti, and let her eyes dwell for a steady moment on Crane. He raised his hat.

The man with her nodded briefly at Parotti and gave her a little push through the stage door. She laughed and looked back over her shoulder, making a kissing noise with her lips at the parrot, which was temporarily perched on Parotti's shoulder.

Joe Parotti nodded his head in the direction in which they had disappeared.

"If you ever want anyone's throat cut," he commented, "you know where to come," and added in explanation, "The Alvinados."

"A pretty girl," Crane said.

Parotti grew mock mysterious. "Sh-h-h," he said. "Say it in a whisper."

Crane, lonely, and only just realising it, offered a cigarette. The bird-tamer accepted, gravely. "Thanks," he said, as if he were a little surprised. He put the bird on the ground, lit the cigarette, and threw away the match.

"Workin'?" he queried.

"Disengaged at the moment," Crane said.

The parrot man nodded.

"Tough," he said, briefly, and, after a bit, to make conversation, "What you been playin'?"

"My last engagement was in 'Candida.'"

"I never been there," Parotti said.

Egan Crane sighed. "'Candida'—Bernard Shaw's play."

"Shaw, eh?" Parotti brightened. "There's a man for you. No one ever heard of him till he got the right word past the censor. And look at him now. That's what I say, it's all publicity. I don't want to stick among the fish and chips all my life. That's why I'm repeating this kangaroo gag while I'm learning the parrot tricks."

He grinned. "One night he'll say it in the middle of the act, see? and I'm made for life, 'Parotti's Talking Parrots. What will they say next?' What censor's going to stop a parrot saying what he wants to?"

The parrot, wings spread, crest ruffled, jumped up and down madly.

Continued from page 3

"I'm a flaming kangaroo," it shrieked.

"Oh, you sweet little beaut," Parotti said. "Come to puppa!"

He picked the bird up and fumbled in his pocket, but his thick gloves prevented him from finding what he wanted.

"Hey!" he called Crane. "Be a sport. Feel in my pocket. There's a lump of sugar."

With a feeling of distaste Crane changed his gloves to the hand holding his stick, and put his fingers in the man's pocket and found the sugar lump. It was moist and sticky.

Parotti gave the sugar to the parrot and put it on its perch. He left it there, holding the sugar lump in one claw, making satisfied little gurgling noises.

Parotti felt gratified. He came back to where Crane was standing, and said: "I was going to tell you, old man, I heard Dick Carver's taking out a new tent show. Why don't you look him up? Sleep in pubs, you know. Tell him Joe Parsons—'Parotti's Parrots'—sent you."

Egan Crane, wiping sticky fingers with his handkerchief, felt a little sick. A tent show! And a dirty tramp of an animal trainer in greasy trousers offering him a helping hand.

He said stiffly: "If Mr.—er—Carver wants me, he'll find me at the Palatial."

Parotti's eyebrows rose. "Oh, it's like that!"

Crane had the disturbing feeling that the cockatoo man knew exactly what he'd been through during the past months. He thought of the thirty-two dollars he'd come ashore with. Thirty-two dollars! How much was that in their confounded money? Not much! Not enough to last long at the Palatial, certainly.

The parrot trainer was saying: "I'm at Mum Vickers', in Victoria Street. Twenty-five bob a week, all found. Not too bad at that. The Alvinados are there, and most of Flaxman's bunch. She might be able to fit you in."

Twenty-five bob! "Bob"—a shilling. Twenty shillings to the pound. Three dollars 60 for every pound; say four dollars roughly for 25 bob. Fours into thirty-two. Eight. Eight weeks with the parrot man and the Mexican knife-throwers and a bunch of filthy mesmerist's assistants.

But there'd be other expenses. Say, six weeks. Six weeks, and then what? The tent, with the privilege of sleeping in pubs?

Egan Crane contemplated the parrot grimly. For a fleeting moment he wished he'd learned to train a seal.

A man turned the corner and approached the stage door. He was tall, well-built, well-dressed, and in his early forties, his hat dipped over his right eye. He walked springily with a slight stoop because he was looking down into the eyes of a sharp-featured woman.

Whatever her age you felt she would never have admitted it. Her lips, when she stopped smiling, were too thin, and, whether she smiled or not, her eyes were hard.

Parotti said: "Here comes our star turn. Mr. Blanky Mesmerist."

He pulled off his gauntlets, tossed them over the parrot's platform, walked over to the kerb and spat.

The couple glanced curiously at Egan Crane, leaning on his knobbed stick, and passed out of sight through the stage entrance. Crane, his mind reverting to the day when he had understudied Svengali in "Trilby," thought the man wasn't a bit like a hypnotist.

Parotti, who had pretended not to see them, said: "He'll hypnotise her, I don't think."

Crane wasn't particularly interested. He'd put the woman down as a shrew. He said: "Artiste?"

"Artiste me foot," Parotti said, rudely. "She used to be a packer for a drug firm. The nearest she ever got to the stage was usherette in the stalls. Then she married Harry Bunce and she's been a pest about the theatre ever since."

Crane looked up sharply. "Harry who?" he asked.

"Bunce—our stage carpenter. Know him? He's a Yank, too."

Crane said: "I'm not sure. It may be a coincidence. It's not exactly a common name, and you say he's American."

Parotti's glance went to the scene-dock. "Hi!" he called. "Harry! Here's someone thinks he knows you."

As Crane turned, a man standing at the entrance to the scene-dock threw away his cigarette. He stooped, steadied a moment on the palm of one hand, and vaulted into the street. He came forward slowly, watching Egan Crane.

When he was three feet away he stopped, running two grimy fingers through stiff, iron-grey hair.

Crane was regarding him intently. At last he said: "I'm not sure you're the Harry Bunce I'm thinking of. I haven't seen him since he was ten."

The other man said: "That's a long time ago."

Crane laughed. He said: "It's a long shot. Your second name doesn't happen to be Lemuel?"

The reply was cautious. "That's right."

Crane said: "Then I think we can shake hands. I'm your step-brother." He held out his hand, and at that moment the woman who had entered the theatre with Flaxman, the mesmerist, called from the scene-dock.

"Harry! Do I have to wait here all day?"

Harry Bunce looked over his shoulder. "In a minute," he called. He turned again to Crane. He hadn't offered to shake hands. He said, unexpectedly, "Whose neck are you going to hang round?"

Crane's head lifted and he withdrew the hand. Parotti chuckled. "Well, you lovers'd like to be alone," he said facetiously. He slipped on one of his gauntlets and picked up the parrot, gathering his props in the other hand.

WHEN he had gone, Harry Bunce said: "I suppose you've come to sponge on Miriam."

"Miriam." Egan Crane raised his eyebrows. "Why, I heard she was dead."

"You heard she was dead!" The other was sarcastic.

"I assure you," Crane said earnestly. "I had no idea. A fellow told me he saw it in 'Variety.' I only arrived this morning. Where is she? In the Old Actress' Home?" He smiled faintly, but he was curious, fishing for information.

Bunce gave him a pitying glance. "Don't hand me that stuff," he said, and turning on his heel began to walk away towards the scene-dock. The little woman was still poking her head out watching them inquisitively.

Bunce had taken only a few steps when he paused and turned back. He'd evidently been thinking hard. He said, ungraciously, "Oh, well. I suppose we'd better have a talk. Come on in." He began to lead the way to the stage door. The woman, looking down from the scene-dock, called "Harry."

Without turning Bunce called back, "Oh, all right, all right." He said, half to himself: "And are you going to be surprised!"

Inside the door a short passage led to the stage and to the dressing-rooms which apparently were all on a higher floor. The stage-door keeper was answering the telephone in his little office just inside the entrance. To do so he had to open a cupboard door covered with cheap theatrical pictures.

The management insisted on the telephone being kept in the cupboard, to prevent the artists using it without paying for their calls.

Crane could see the back of the stage-door keeper's grey head. Bunce waited till the old man had put the phone back, and slowly and methodically closed the cupboard door. He was a very old man, in spectacles. A daily paper hung limply from one of his hands.

Bunce said: "Charlie. This is my brother." He turned to the other. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Egan Crane."

"Egan Crane," Bunce repeated to the stage-door man, who held his hand to his ear. "Crane," he shouted. "He's my brother. Let him in if he comes up."

The old man nodded, comprehending. "Mr. Crane. I'll remember."

Bunce turned to his brother and said maliciously: "The poor old ham. You'd never think he'd played Hamlet." He led the way down the passage and on to the stage. It was a large stage, and had been cleared of all scenery.

From the dimmed auditorium came the sound of tuning instruments and the voice of the orchestra conductor giving some instructions. Alvinado had the centre of the stage. He had shed his coat and waistcoat and was wearing a silk sports shirt with short sleeves.

On a small silvered table alongside him was a pile of black-handled knives of varying sizes. He was picking them up and flinging them at a large board some few feet away. He couldn't see what knife he was throwing because he was blindfolded. The knives would fly through the air and stick, quivering, in the board.

Please turn to page 17

You'll be on tiptoes next washday when you see that...

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YOUR HUSBAND WILL WARBLE LIKE A BIRD IN SPRING when he eyes the Persil dazzle of his white shirts 'n' shorts 'n' singlets. Persil's oxygen-charged suds give the whitest whites because they shift the dirt — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it.

KIDDIES' PLAYTIME COLOUREDS come up bright as the Sunday "funnies" when Persil's on the job. And Persil goes for double grubby school togs like a kid for candy. Even deep-down dirt lets go without a struggle, when those gentle suds start a'coaxing.

"A NEW DEAL FOR HOUSEWIVES" says Mum. "That's what Persil dazzle means for me! No more cinderella colours or rainy-day 'greys'!" You'll never want to use anything else when you see that Persil dazzle.

You too can have that PERSIL DAZZLE!

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TODAY'S LESSON
HOW TO CLEAN POTS AND PANS WITHOUT SCRATCHING! USE MONKEY BRAND — THE HANDY BLOCK THAT CLEANS WITHOUT WASTE

M.B.7.31

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NEW YEAR BRIDE. Louise Dewez and fiance Allan Lauchlan celebrate at Prince's. Couple plan marriage on February 6 at St. Peter's Church, Neutral Bay. Louise is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. O. Dewez, of Neutral Bay.

WED IN MANILA. Captain William M. Beasley, U.S. Air Corps, and his bride, Bille Dawn Creighton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. Creighton, of Randwick, are married by U.S. Air Force chaplain, Captain Fred Armstrong, at Clark Field Air Base, Manila. Bridesmaid, Gaby George, of Potts Point, and best man Captain James H. Fox, U.S. Air Corps.

LONDON PARTY. Lady Stephenson Kent, the former Mrs. Kenneth Richards, of Cootamundra, and Mr. Michael Wood at a party given by Australian journalist Tommy Cochran at Matilda Etches' Studio, Soho, London.

NEWLYWEDS. John Kensit and his wife, formerly Helen Walcott, of Goulburn, photographed at Australia Hotel during visit to Sydney. Helen and John make home at Lundillo Station, Crookwell.

Intimate Jottings

GOOD resolutions thick in the air for 1948 and nearly everyone glad to usher out poor old 1947 and welcome in new babe 1948.

Lots of parties planned to celebrate occasion, from very gala "do's" to small family gatherings with the drop to cheer, slice of shortbread, and, in keeping with superstition, the hilarious hunt for a dark man to be first to cross threshold.

• • •

TWO of Sydney's most popular young matrons are Joan Martin and Joanie Bode, who hit on bright idea of taking over Romano's for New Year's Eve and asking all their friends to join them.

Sydney's "200" will all be there to the tune of £2/10/- a head, which includes cocktails, luscious buffet dinner, and dancing.

So they won't go home hungry another supper will be served in the wee sma' hours.

Lots of young married couples attending party, including Keith and Judy Gollan, Eve and Alec Macleod, Bill and Betty Kendall, John and Connie Bovill, Johnny and Beulah Goodwin, and Phyllis and Bruce Minell.

• • •

SYDNEY'S younger set remain true to Palm Beach New Year's Eve dance at Pacific Club . . . always one of the brightest parties of the year, and one of most popular among males, as shorts and a shirt are "dress clothes" for occasion. Party goes till sunrise, when tired revellers refresh themselves with a dip in the ocean before snatching a few hours' sleep.

"Old faithfuls," the Barnes family will be at dance . . . Lorrie with her husband, "Gus" Fay, will have Lorrie's sister Moira and brother Peter, who is down from Suffolk Vale, Boorowa, and Jim Barnes with his lovely wife Anna. Last appearance at Palm Beach for some months for Moira Barnes, as she and Mollie Oxenham set sail for England in Orion early in New Year.

• • •

BRIEFLY: The confusion when the new telephone numbers will commence to operate in the New Year and the dismay of some residents of "The stately homes of Edgecliff" when they're relegated to FB prefix from their old FM number . . . how sad the John Bruntons must be at losing their easy-to-remember number, FM1234, when they move from their old home into new flat at Edgecliff . . . the early date of the Yass "picnics" this year when committee choose March 4 and 5 as dates . . . Lucky Robert and Joyce Cupples, who have furnished flat in Mount Lofty, S.A., awaiting them.

JUST ENGAGED. Biddy McPhillamy (right) lunches with Mary Savage at Romano's. Biddy announces engagement to Bob Withycombe. She is the only daughter of Mrs. M. E. McPhillamy, of Bathurst, and of late Mr. McPhillamy.

CHAMPAGNE TOASTS. Dick Love, brother of bridegroom, Dr. Colin Love, pours champagne for toasts at reception at Pickwick Club, following marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point, of Colin Love and June Bliss. June is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Bliss, of Mulgoa. Bride's sister, Cynthia, was bridesmaid.

COCKTAILS. Dick and Joyce Curran snapped with Mrs. John Lee when they sip pre-Christmas cocktails at Prince's. Joyce and Mrs. Lee both choose outsize elliptical black hats for wear with their late afternoon frocks.

SMART GUESTS. Mrs. Bobbie Brash (right) sits with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klement at cocktail party at Prince's given by Mr. Eric Abrahams to introduce new cosmetic to Australia. Lesley Brash's "new look" cocktail dress was one of loveliest at party.

THE R. G. Caseys give industrious example of New Year's resolutions by spending holidays getting their private airstrip into condition at their country home at Berwick, Victoria.

Mr. Casey takes painting of hangar in his stride, and says his biggest problem was finding ten-ton steam roller to flatten strip before ground hardened.

• • •

WEDDING of Tania Teppema, daughter of Netherlands Minister and Mrs. Teppema, with James Gilchrist, of the U.S. Embassy, will take place towards middle of next year. No definite date arrived at yet, as couple are waiting for James' parents to come out from States. Tania's lovely sapphire ring set in diamonds is envy of younger set in Canberra.

ROUND of pre-wedding parties for Betty McNeely and fiance, Paddy North, combine good wishes to couple as well as seasonal greetings. Betty, who is widow of John McNeely and daughter of the Percy Higgins, of Kickerbell, Neutral Bay, has chosen St. Clement's, Mosman, for ceremony on January 6. Her parents were married in same church.

Alison Grant, who soon pushes off to England to see her sister, Mrs. Joan Eyres, will be bridesmaid and Dr. Vincent Sheppard, of Emu Plains, Penrith, best man.

The Reg. Moses, of Kogarah, and their son and daughter, Bob and Joan, are among those who have party for couple at their home. Bride-to-be is well known in radio circles.

Joyce

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The "worm" TURNED!

Yes – only three months ago I was the "Office Worm"...

That advice put me right – and **HORLICKS** will do the same for **YOU!**

DELICIOUS Horlicks helps you wake up with new reserves of vigour and power. Drink Horlicks and change Night Starvation to radiant vitality. Horlicks keeps you fit while it **guards** against Night Starvation. Ask for Horlicks by name.

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* *Made with milk.*

M7-5.

HORLICKS *GUARDS AGAINST* **NIGHT STARVATION**

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

THE year 1948 should prove favorable for many star groups, for Jupiter passes through the sign Sagittarius, bringing good fortune and plenty.

Leonians, Arians, and Sagittarians are particularly favored, but other groups also benefit.

The Coming Year

THE following review is designed to help each star group make the most of planetary conditions for 1948.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Although January, early July, and early October are not promising, the year as a whole can bring good fortune. Seek desired gains and changes with confidence.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): New ventures prove profitable until Jan. 22, after which caution is needed. Guard health and finance, and dodge domestic worries.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Originality pays well this year, but money matters can cause worries. Be cautious in your dealings, and avoid rashness and extravagance.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unreliable conditions may prevail for many Cancerians born after July 5, but general improvements and perhaps a romance are likely for some during the latter part of the year.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Income, health, and power should all improve during 1948, to make the most of a favorable year. Plan wisely, but watch out for romantic upsets.

"I've an idea they're closing."

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Friends can prove helpful this year, and business prospects improve. But beware arguments, rash decisions, and unconventionality which can all bring regrets.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Romance, domestic happiness, and change likely after Jan. 22, and the year should prove favorable on the whole. Benefits are likely in business and financial transactions.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Past years have proved very fortunate for Scorpions, but now is the time to consolidate gains and settle down. Marriage or business partnerships can prove fortunate.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): A fortunate year, but guard against rash changes, unconventionality and extravagance. Set high goals, and you should achieve them with perseverance.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A fairly good year if you are wise and diligent, but dodge misrepresentation, risky schemes and self-deception.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A very helpful year. New and original schemes can bring gains for many, while others benefit through romance. Health and humor should be guarded.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Conditions improve this year after August, when spectacular and beneficial changes are likely. Meanwhile avoid rashness and accidents.

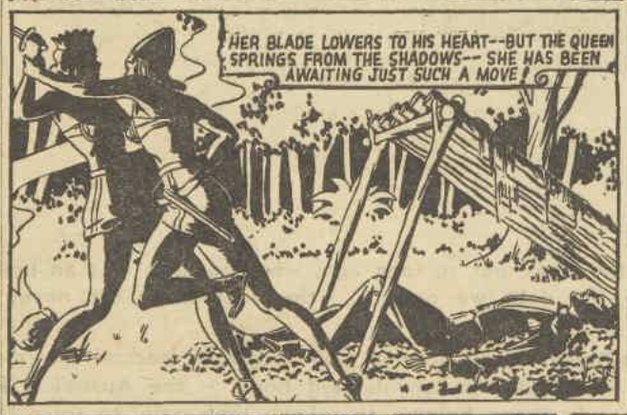
[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 5-8.
BUTTER: 1-6 (2-3 expire Jan. 4).
MEAT: Red, 8-11 (12-14 available Jan. 12), blue, 9 and 11 (13, 15 available Jan. 12).
CLOTHING: 1-56 (1947), 1-56 (1948).

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, go with
COLONEL BARTON: In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board yacht Argos is
BETTY: His daughter. After many adventures they reach Amoz Island, inhabited by a tribe of women warriors who capture Mandrake and the Colonel and bring them to the queen. Intrigued by Mandrake, the queen and one of her Amazon guards fight over him, but are interrupted by one of the timid men of Amoz fleeing in terror from his angry wife. NOW READ ON:



KLIPPER PURE WOOL TIES and Dressing Gowns are Now Obtainable from all Stores and Mercers throughout Australia.

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R E M E M B E R

Remember the days, not so long ago, when sacrifice was an hourly occurrence? Remember the debt we owe . . . the debt which can never be repaid?

There are 69,000 Australian ex-servicemen still receiving medical treatment. Wherever they are – in hospital or convalescent home – the Australian Red Cross Society stands beside them, helping to relieve their pain, to solve their troubles, to restore their faith.

That is one way of remembering.

SUPPORT RED CROSS – TODAY

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Tel.: F 9151.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
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Tel.: Cent 8420.

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QUEENSLAND:
21 Adelaide Street,
Brisbane
Tel.: B 6216

TASMANIA:
74 Liverpool Street,
Hobart.
Tel: 7085.

NORTHERN TERRITORY:
Red Cross Headquarters,
Darwin.

NEW SOUTH WALES:
27 Jamieson Street,
Sydney.
Tel.: B 0542.

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A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 12

ROSA ALVINADO wore a pair of brief black shorts and an open-necked crepe-de-chine blouse. She'd worn both articles under her coat and skirt when she'd come to the theatre. She was polishing a piece of aluminium gear, something like a short rod with five smaller rods of irregular length radiating from the top.

In their act she would fit a longer rod to the smaller, and the radiating lengths would each be capped by a golden star.

She would make a pretty picture in pink tights, the trunks trimmed with silver fringe, the bodice sparkling with sequins, holding the gear above her head while Pedro's rifle shot away the golden stars that represented the Southern Cross.

The gear was so light that the girl could hold it up in one hand while she polished it with a piece of chamois leather held in the other. Flaxman, the hypnotist, was standing talking to her.

As Bunce and Egan Crane approached, he put his head down and whispered something. She laughed. It was a lovely laugh. Deep and spontaneous, and at the sound Pedro Alvinado pulled the handkerchief from his eyes with an angry gesture.

He made some exclamation in a foreign tongue. Spanish, Crane guessed, and knew it was nasty. The girl's eyes lifted to the mesmerist with an expression of mock alarm.

Alvinado strode towards them. He had a knife in his hand. It was swinging by the point held between his fingers. He stood a few feet away and said in a sort of nasal drawl, "I do not care for anyone to talk to my wife while we are rehearsing."

The mesmerist said: "She was hardly rehearsing, old man." He looked at Rosa. "Sorry." He strode swiftly towards the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms.

Alvinado turned away angrily, and, with all his force, flung the knife in his hand at the distant board. The girl picked up her gear and went on polishing. She began to hum a tune. As Crane and Bunce turned away, the latter said: "Nice people. Almost as nice as the legit."

Crane had to stoop to pass through the wide archway of the windowless room into which Bunce led him. Its blind walls were topped on four sides by rows of grinning pantomime masks, while articles of wicker and plaster, to which it would have taxed ingenuity to give names, swung from the low, raftered roof.

On one side there was a carpenter's bench, the stone flagging beneath sprinkled with fresh wood chips, and, nearby, an old-fashioned roll-top desk, its countless pigeonholes stuffed with dusty documents.

A round-backed chair, horsehair bursting untidily from its seat, stood before a typewriter so incredibly old that it must, at one time, have sung to the flying fingers of a girl with a wasp waist and four petticoats.

At one end of the room there was a heterogeneous collection of ancient stage properties.

A grandfather clock leaned drunkenly against a round marble table on which stood, in crowded proximity, wax flowers under glass, the crude wooden head of a ventriloquist's dummy, a sign reading "To the Nymph's Cave," a few colored feather-dusters (moulting), some painted Indian clubs, and a battered helmet that had been worn to the Sudan War.

At the back of the table was a pile of trunks on one of which, standing end up, the words "The Mighty Maldoni!" paid mute testimony to departed glory.

The sharp-featured woman who had called from the scene-dock was seated near the carpenter's bench on a high-backed chair which crudely imitated the Charles II period. She was smoking a cigarette, sitting with her legs crossed, leaning forward—bright, bad-tempered little eyes darting here and there. The high back of the chair emphasised her tininess.

She rose, throwing the cigarette down and stubbing it with her toe as Bunce appeared.

"About time, too," she said, then, seeing he was not alone, stopped, momentarily embarrassed.

Bunce pulled out a stool and pushed it towards Egan Crane. Without looking at her he said: "Hetty, this is my brother."

"Your ——?" she began. Crane noted that she was more than surprised.

He said lightly: "Didn't you know Harry had a brother? You're his wife, aren't you?"

She nodded absently and added acidly, "I certainly didn't." She turned to her husband, who was half-sitting on the carpenter's bench, and asked for a cigarette. He fumbled in the rear pocket of his pants, avoiding her eyes, and Crane hastened to offer her one from his case, and lit it for her.

He noticed that her hands were not nice. They were thin, almost to the point of scrawniness.

They looked like hands that had done unpleasant work unwillingly. Nevertheless the fingernails were long, pointed, and lacquered.

While he held the lighted match she regarded him, speculatively: "You're an actor, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm an actor." He certainly was at that moment. He had the feeling that the scene had its dramatic value. He wished he could think of some quip, something in the Noel Cowardish manner, something flippant with an undercurrent of seriousness. He'd always felt he could handle that sort of script.

Bunce broke in: "He plays Shakespeare."

Her eyebrows rose in surprise. "How old are you?"

Mrs. Bunce didn't mean it as a direct question, but her husband answered: "He'll never see sixty again."

Crane was annoyed, but tried to carry it off. "Harry always would have his joke," he said.

"Well, Miriam's seventy-two," Bunce said, bluntly.

Egan Crane hastened to change the subject. "Oh, yes," he said. "Poor old Miriam! How is the dear girl?"

Bunce gave him a look. "How is the dear girl," he repeated, with a sneer. "Can you beat it? He hasn't seen her for more than forty years and he says, 'How is the dear girl?'"

"Really——" Crane began. "After all, she's my sister." He turned to the woman. "Till a few moments ago, Mrs. Bunce, I believed she was dead, long since."

The woman said, "You'd better make it Hetty. What is your name? Your brother hasn't been too communicative, you know."

"Egan—Egan Crane, professionally."

"Christened Tobias," Bunce said, and chuckled. "Tobias Bunce."

Crane affected humor. "Dear, dear," he said, "Tobias Bunce. How curious it sounds. An echo from childhood! The little red schoolhouse! The white-haired old pedagogue——"

"I thought it was a woman teacher," Bunce put in. "She wore a wig."

Mrs. Bunce said sharply, "Shut up, Harry," and to Crane, "He'd drain the romance out of anything."

Crane laughed. "After all," he said, "he wasn't always Harry. Home he was mostly Lemuel. We all got Bible labels — Miriam, Tobias, Lemuel."

"Anyway I stuck to Bunce," his brother said.

"And a fat lot of good it's done you." Hetty Bunce was contemptuous. She asked Crane, suddenly, "Has anyone brought you out?"

Crane said, "No," and added hastily, "I'm just looking round. There's no immediate need."

"Well," Bunce said brutally, "thank heaven for that."

Crane ignored him. "I have one or two offers. Meanwhile I'm at the Palatial."

The woman looked impressed. She said, "Then I'm afraid you won't think much of our dump. But we'd be glad to have you for dinner—to-night. We have to eat early so that Harry can get back for the show."

Crane said, addressing Mrs. Bunce: "I shall be delighted. How do I get there?"

"Harry can pick you up outside your hotel at four-thirty. We can have a yarn before dinner, Egan. About your sister, I mean. We can't talk among all this junk."

Crane said, "Thank you—Hetty," and took her hand. He raised it to his lips. "Until dinner."

Bunce watched him go, then looked at his wife shrewdly. "And how do you like that?" he asked.

She was looking at her fingers. "I don't know," she said, "but manners count. That's something you wouldn't know about. Miriam might like it."

Egan Crane walked off, using both hands to adjust his hat as he went. The Alvinados were still on the stage. Alvinado had donned a mandarin coat with wide sleeves and was throwing knives at a door before which Rosa stood with arms extended.

Crane shuddered as the man flung a knife. He saw it quiver near the girl's ear, and noticed then that other knives were sticking in the door, all in the closest proximity to Rosa's head and hands.

Alvinado said "Voila!" and Rosa moved away from the board, picking up a piece of her aluminium gear as she walked toward Crane. Humming "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," which the orchestra was rehearsing, she called a musical "G'byee" to Crane as he passed.

He raised his hat and she looked after him, shrugging her shoulders, winking at the shirt-sleeved conductor in the orchestra pit.

Crane almost ran into Flaxman, the mesmerist, as he reached the corridor. He stopped, and Flaxman, with a bow, said, "After you."

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WORTH Reporting

THE recently completed Australian film "Time Off" has a local cast which outpoints in beauty and spontaneous charm the best that Hollywood can offer.

Male star of the film is talking budgerigar Billy Peach, of Darling Point, Sydney, and his temperamental leading lady is Sylva, a silver-shaded budgerigar beauty.

The supporting cast includes almost every type of Australian bird and animal.

The film was produced, directed, filmed, and edited by well-known photographer Mel Nichols and his step-daughter, Winifred Lade.

Although they met many difficulties during the filming in Tasmania and Burragorang Valley, N.S.W., Mel and Winifred are happy about the result.

Chief among their difficulties were Billy's penchant for introducing his own dialogue instead of that set down in the script, and Sylva's fighting jealousy when a "siren" interrupts her romance with Billy.

Mel tells us Billy did manage to get one or two censorable remarks into the dialogue, but the musical score was altered to allow for louder chords to drown the remarks.

During production Billy had another budgerigar as "stand-in."

He was entirely happy during his boy-meets-girl scenes with Sylva, but had some unpleasant moments when Sylva dealt with him after she had driven the "siren" out of their lives.

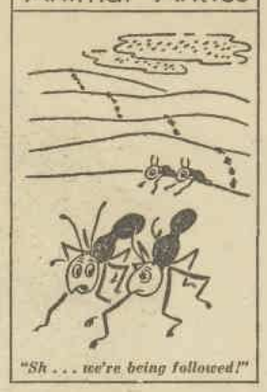
Among the supporting cast are several platypuses, bellbirds, dusky wood swallows, lyre birds, satin bower birds, willy wagtails, and whip birds.

The birds became so accustomed to Mel and Winifred's presence in Burragorang Valley they allowed them to film close-ups of nests and of the birds going about their daily duties.

One scene actually shows a Rufous Whistler being hatched.

Two tribes of aborigines from Palm Island, Queensland, also take part in the film, and feature in exciting scenes showing an aboriginal snake dance and a battle between two tribes.

Animal Antics



"Sh . . . we're being followed!"

Earning dollars

HUDDERSFIELD Choral Society's record of the "Hallelujah" Chorus from Handel's "Messiah" is earning thousands of dollars for Britain.

Sales in America exceed 75,000. The cost of each record is one dollar 25 cents. As well as private buyers, clergymen of churches all over the States, even in little tin tabernacles in the Middle West, are ordering them.

The records are being played as part of the Sunday services, and in many instances take the place of the anthem sung by the church choir.

* * *

A *GARAGE in Darlinghurst, Sydney, bears the sign, "Lubritorium."*

"To bear him company"

CAPTAIN FERGUS CROSS, Scottish master of the Canadian freighter Ottawa Valley, believes it is never too early to give a boy a taste of the sea.

On board the freighter when it called at Sydney recently were his three sons, Angus, aged five, Ian, 17 months, and Duncan, three months, who are accompanying him and his Canadian wife on a world tour from Montreal to Halifax, via the Dominions.

The three youngsters have taken to the sea as though it was their natural home, and baby Duncan, who was only two weeks old when the tour began, has a cosy play-pen fitted up on the sheltered lower deck.

Five-year-old Angus, the most voluble of the three, can hardly wait until he is old enough to sign on as a sailor. He works along with the crew of 41 between ports, and helps them paint the fittings.

Four Scottish engineers and Canadian seamen on the freighter have practically adopted the youngsters, and take it in turns to mind them when the ship is in port.

Youngest member of the crew, Second Steward John Jones, of Halifax, was feeding baby Ian with all the skill of a trained nursemaid when we visited the mess-deck recently.

"He spends all his spare time playing with Angus and Ian," the fifth engineer told us. "He's even thinking of putting in for an extra 25 dollars nurse's pay."

Most of the crew on the freighter are bachelors, but they say young Angus is already outdoing them in having a girl in every port.

Learning democracy

EDITOR of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Alice Jackson, who met General MacArthur on her recent tour of Japan, tells an anecdote of a small incident which made MacArthur happy last election day.

Anxious to know whether the poorer women were voting, he watched a ballot box from a suitable point. A steady stream of women moved into the polling booth.

One man present, sceptical of these women's ability to understand their newly acquired franchise, stepped up to a woman with a baby bound to her back and asked how she had voted. Her smiling reply obviously discomfited him.

"What did she say?" inquired MacArthur. "Well," was the rather rueful report, "she said, 'This is a secret ballot.'"

"There you have it," commented MacArthur. "That shows that the Japanese are grasping democracy."

Good training

AN elegant, grey-haired woman, standing in a crowded Sydney tram the other night, was asked by the man standing next to her if she would like half the strap he was holding on to.

She replied that she didn't need any support, and continued to keep her balance as the tram rocked.

"You see," she explained, "I used to drive a spring-cart."

"You certainly don't look the part," he told her.

After that, those within earshot kept their eyes on her trimly shod feet, but she never faltered.

As she left the tram, twenty minutes later, she said to a friend: "That was the hardest tram-ride I've ever had. But after that boast I just had to make good!"

Grasshoppers

GRASSHOPPERS are a periodical menace to the Australian countryside. This season South Australia, like other States, was beset by them. They moved down from the north, finally invading Adelaide suburbs.

It seems that one talks of grasshoppers not in millions, but in "waves" according to their width.

The Director of Agriculture in South Australia, Mr. W. J. Spafford, told our representative that in the country recently he came across several waves. The first was heavy, over half a mile wide. Then he met isolated groups, and the next was 100 yards wide. Two days later they had all gone.

Grasshoppers don't like wet. This season, unusually wet, they have hatched out in the low rainfall areas. They fly higher and faster when it's warm. They don't move at night, but go to roost.

"Although locust plagues are mentioned in the Bible, we still don't understand a lot about them," said Mr. Spafford.

"About 11 years ago a plague infested Africa and persisted for two years. It went across the country twice in both directions. This was the first time spraying had been done from the air."

Air spraying has been used effectively in Australia this season.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

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Ex-service settlers at Wantabadgery co

AFTER FIRST SHEARING, ex-P.O.W. Lindsay Longley inspects some of his merino lambs and ewes. Lindsay tried in five different ballots before he drew the 924-acre lot he took up at Wantabadgery in April of last year.

HELPERS are given lunch by the Ha style home. Left to right: Fred Hazelwo Charlie Morgan, of the L

SETTLEMENT'S first stack, piled by Lou Hartwig, helped by settler neighbor Fred Hazelwood and Charlie Morgan. Into it will go 1400 bales of lucerne. Job will be completed in long working day.

Bright future prospects make hard work worth while

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Out at Wantabadgery, N.S.W., in the heart of the rich Riverina, soldier settlers are battling to make good in 1948.

They're men who, in their Army or Air Force years, dreamed about having land of their own some day. The War Service Land Settlement Scheme made the dream a reality — far sooner than any of the dreamers had hoped.

SOME are agriculturists, some graziers, some farmers. They were the lucky ones in land ballots where so many land-hungry men watched anxiously for the drop of the marbles and so few saw their own marbles drop out.

Wantabadgery is open, rolling country, ideal for grazing, in south-west New South Wales.

Its newest settlers are married couples, families, and bachelors.

Staff photographer Ron Berg and I went to Wantabadgery East to see how the scheme was developing, and what the settlers thought about it all.

We found that they are happy and confident, though there's plenty to put up with in the way of discomforts. They are working for the future, and hard work and roughing it don't seem to matter.

For the women generally life is harder just now than for the men. They have to get meals with make-shift equipment, do the washing and bathe their children without the right facilities. But all of them know it is worth it.

Tom Casey, ex-3rd Division infantryman, was one of the lucky ones. The Wantabadgery land ballot was the first he had been in. He drew a lot.

Tom knows about sheep. Before the war he worked in Queensland, but on someone else's place.

OLD ARMY HUTS are first home of settler Tom Casey and mother. Too small to hold all household goods, spare furniture is stacked outside. Tom shoots, traps, and poisons rabbits over his 1115 acres of grazing country.

"I thought a lot in the Army about having a place of my own some day," he said.

Tom's grazing property is 1115 acres. After being there eight months, he had just under 1000 merino ewes and lambs for the first shearing. As well, he was fattening 40 cattle.

"When I get on my feet I reckon the place should carry 900 ewes," he said. "Some people say the lots are too small, but I can't see anything wrong."

All the settlers run their own places without outside help. Casey, ballotee-neighbors Booth, Couldon, and Longley sheared at the same time. They were given the use of an established shearing shed, did all the work themselves, except the actual shearing.

"Things are a bit rough for a start, but I have the place picked out for a house. They way things look now she'll be of cement bricks, the same as some of the other places," Tom Casey told us.

Casey demurred at having his photo taken. "Cripes," he protested, "a man will end up a Chips Rafferty."

That's exactly his type: tall, lean, dark, and laconic.

His mother, game old Mrs. Casey, doesn't mind the loneliness if it means a start for Tom. "But I miss my piano," she said; "there isn't room for it here."

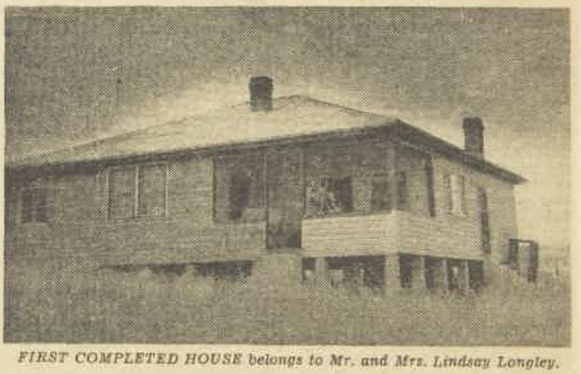
As a girl she passed a high music examination.

Lou Hartwig was busy building the settlement's first stack, assisted by his nearest neighbor, Fred Hazelwood, and Charlie Morgan, when we called.

The crop on Lou's 1080-acre lot was sown before he took over.

Charlie Morgan was caretaker of the Wantabadgery blocks until the settlers arrived.

"We all help each other here," Hartwig told us. "It's the only way for people like us, starting from scratch."



FIRST COMPLETED HOUSE belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Longley.

The Hartwigs—Lou and country-bred Mavis—have been married for six years, didn't wait for a home to be built before they took up their land.

Just now they are living in a one-roomed iron shed with a lean-to. Mavis has made a garden in front and her home is neat and bright.

One day in the not-so-distant future they're going to put up a five-roomed house with a sleep-out and inside bathroom.

In the meantime water pipes are linked up to the temporary dwelling, and Mavis grows fresh vege-

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...fident of success

...rting in temporary pioneering-... Hartwig, Mrs. Hartwig, ... Department.

TOP: Never too young to learn, John Booth is taught to move cattle by soldier settler father, Lloyd Booth, in paddock of 730-acre lot. On land all his life, Lloyd will concentrate on sheep, with a few cattle. He'd been in only one other ballot before he drew.

LEFT: Typical of open, gently hilled grazing country of Wantabadgery. Fifteen land ballots for ex-servicemen have been held in N.S.W. Proven Wantabadgery blocks attracted some 1500 balloters.

...GEST JACKEROO, three-months-old David Longley, kicks in movable cot while mother gets lunch.

...in her netted kitchen garden, ...her 200 white leghorns, seven ...calves, and four cows.

...try-born Fred Hazelwood, ...Division, has been on his ...or only four months.

...starting with 700 breeding ...

...onsider I'm lucky to get a ...like this at the third try," he ... I'm very well satisfied with ...ting. My plans are to use ...pce for grazing and grow some ...too."

...Hazelwood, a Sydney girl, is ...her first real taste of country ...the hardships of starting from ...ginning don't frighten her.

...has a sewing machine in one ...two tents pitched as tem... shelter beneath a tree on her ...'s 1070-acre block.

...ex-servicemen who have been ...in the Wantabadgery ballot ...ky, too, in their wives. They ...able, sensible girls.

...d Booth, Army cobber of ...drew a lot that makes him ...neighbor. They had not seen ...other since they were in uni...

...their young sons John (five) and Bruce (10 months), Lloyd and Barbara Booth seem ideal types of settler.

"We know we've got everything to work for," Barbara told us. "The kiddies are thriving out here; we get bread, mail, and papers three times a week, and the house will soon be finished."

Until it is they're living in a corrugated-iron, wood-lined shed.

"I've got 730 acres," Booth said. "Barbara comes from the country and I've been on the land all my life. Things look all right. I drew in my second ballot."

Lloyd Booth is already playing with the local cricket and tennis teams.

"Barbara and the kids come, too," he said. "The women sit and talk while we play in the competition."

Unmarried settlers Eric Couldon and John Todd are their nearest neighbors.

"The bachelors are very independent," Mrs. Booth said. "They like coming over for meals, but I've never been asked to darn a sock or sew on a button. All the same, I'd like some feminine company; I'm going to see if I can't do some matchmaking."

Thirty-one-year-old bachelor Ray Fallon, ex-R.A.A.F., explained to us that "Yileena," name of his 986-acre lot, means "dream that came true."

"I started with 850 ewes," he said. "They set a record of producing 102 per cent. lambs. I can't say I didn't have a remarkable start."

Ex-P.O.W. Lindsay Longley and his wife Rae have the first completed house. They also have the youngest jackeroo of the settlement—three-months-old David.

The house erected by Longley, a builder, and the builder's son in seven weeks is made from R.A.A.F. huts. It cost £900 to build, was insured recently for £2100.

Longley has set it in the middle of his 924 acres.

Apart from its fuel stove (16-months-married Rae Longley is learning about cooking the hard way), it has everything you'd expect to find in a comfortable and well-planned city home.

"Our first shearing should turn out well for all of us," Longley said. "We've been given a lot of help to start us off, and couldn't have asked for a better season."

Settlers are under the wing of the District Surveyor. As well, they can get expert advice on erosion, carrying capacity, and soil analysis. All stock, machinery, and equipment, purchase of which is financed under the scheme, is okayed before the sale is completed.

The Wantabadgery scheme is part of a nation-wide one, administered by the States in accordance with the terms of Commonwealth - State agreements.

If you're in a land ballot as an ex-serviceman, with six months' service, honorable discharge, are physically fit, the right land experience, and luck is running your way, you might be a landholder when the whirling ballot-box comes to a standstill and the marble with your number on it drops out.

You can even give the box a twirl yourself.

Single ex-service women are eligible to apply for certificates, though none of them have yet been settled under the scheme.

The lots are held on a perpetual lease, with—subject to certain conditions—full rights of disposal through will. This gives settlers with children an additional incentive.

They can't ever be sold at an unfair profit, and not at all to a land-hungry man otherwise owning enough land to support himself.

Only nine ex-servicemen have tried in every one of New South Wales' 15 land settlement ballots, and been unsuccessful each time. To the middle of November, 1947, 133 men had been settled in the eastern and southern divisions of the State, 63 in the western.

Out of 20,000 applications lodged, over 13,000 qualification certificates, enabling their holders to participate in War Service Land Settlement ballots, have been issued.

Of the holders of these, 3900 men were interested in only one estate, did not go in further ballots.

Those who draw land in the ballots aren't expected to be self-supporting at first. They pay no rent to begin with, and during what is known as the "assistance period" are made a living allowance of from £3/10/- a week to a man with no dependent up to £5/10/- for the man eligible for the maximum allowance. After the "assistance period," rental is paid at 2½ per cent. of property's improved value.

LOOKING INTO FUTURE with confident smiles, the Booth family make light of early hardships. Two healthy sons give Lloyd and Barbara incentive to succeed.

NEARLY COMPLETED HOUSE where the Booths will live looks down to creek. During building they camp in makeshift shed, 'left'. Settlers' land is held on perpetual lease at rental of 2½ per cent. of improved value.

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Continuing . . . Sneak Attack

From page 5

HANK watched them, and wondered, and hummed a little, but there was no smile on his face. He peered anxiously through the window, and within a couple of minutes he saw them hurrying toward him down the dimly lighted corridor. The sailor, still grinning broadly but steering a reasonably straight course, was in the lead. He walked to the window, unfastened the latch, and opened up.

Hank was inside in one jump, leaving his safety-belt hanging limp on the outside. He brandished his squeegee and demanded:

"What's the big idea, sneaking up here and locking me out?"

And just as he spoke, with the squeegee gripped firmly in his right hand, there was a blinding flash.

"Hey—" Hank began.

"What's your name?" someone asked quickly.

"Hank Riley."

"I'll bet he was in the Air Corps, the way he likes to stay up in the air," the sailor said.

"Yes, I was a paratrooper!" Hank stormed. "Now will somebody tell me—"

"Shake hands," the man with the camera commanded, and the sailor grabbed Hank's right hand, squeegee and all. Again there was a flash.

"What's all this?" Hank demanded hoarsely. "Please—what goes on?"

The sailor hiccuped gently and waved his hand as if to calm Hank.

"The press is int'rested in human int'rest stories," he explained carefully. "So—" He waved his hand again in a grandiose, all-encompassing gesture. "So I told 'em about our little skir—uh, skirmish. Hope y'don't mind."

Hank stood there and stared at his squeegee for a long time after they left. He wondered if the man with the camera really was from a newspaper. Finally he went back to washing windows, but the day didn't seem so beautiful any more.

When Hank checked in at the boss' office at five o'clock, Jeffers motioned him to sit down. The boss was puffing rapidly on his pipe, which emitted clouds of acrid smoke like an overworked tugboat.

"You've seen this?" the boss said with ominous calm, shoving a newspaper across the desk toward Hank.

On the front page, under a two-column caption which said: "Gob Maroons, Liberates Ex-Paratrooper," there were three pictures. One, taken from the street, showed Hank outside the window on the sixth floor. (An arrow had been drawn in to point him out to readers with faulty vision.) In the next picture, Hank apparently was about to bash the sailor over the head with a squeegee, and in the third he and the sailor appeared to be shaking hands. The lines under the pictures told the story, from what was called the "aerial attack" upon the sailor to the final liberation and handshaking.

"So there wasn't going to be any more monkey business," the boss said, sarcasm heavy in his voice.

Hank said nothing. There was no use telling Jeffers he hadn't meant to drop the water on the sailor. His dream castles tumbled about his shoulders and disintegrated into dust at his feet.

"To-morrow," Jeffers said, "you'll work up on North first. There are a lot of small office buildings there, but we don't have any contracts. Get to each office and see if they want their windows washed."

He puffed his pipe viciously, and added: "Maybe you'll be able to pick up a few bucks on commission, but I doubt it. Now get out of here!"

Hank didn't go to see Sharon that night, nor did he study his book. Instead, he sat on a park bench and brooded. It was the first time he had ever really brooded, but the triple blow was too much for even the buoyant Riley nature. He had lost his chance to be Jeffers' assistant; he had lost Sharon; and he had lost his standing in the city's window-cleaning fraternity. He, who had always worked the tallest buildings in the business district, had been ordered to beg for small change out in the three and four story section!

The next day the sun played hide-and-seek with the clouds. It probably wouldn't rain, but a person with any sales-resistance at all wouldn't want his windows washed when there was even a chance.

Carrying his window-washing equipment, Hank plodded into the entrance of a shabby four-story office building on North First Avenue and rode a small cage-type elevator to the top floor.

He opened a door that was labelled "J. H. Browning—Insurance," and did manage a half-smile for the vacuous-eyed blonde who faced him across a desk.

"Does the building management here furnish window-cleaning service?" he inquired politely.

"I dunno," she said. "I don't think so."

"Do you want your windows washed?" Hank asked.

"Ask Mr Browning," the blonde said, waving toward the inner office.

Mr. Browning was young and showily dressed, and a discharge button still gleamed upon his lapel.

"Oh, I don't know about the windows," he said. "They aren't so bad, and it might rain anyhow."

("Don't take no for an answer," the book said.)

Hank shrugged. It really didn't make any difference now, but he might as well try. "It'll only take a few minutes, and it will brighten up—" he began, and then he paused in embarrassment, realising that Mr. Browning was staring at him as if he were a man from Mars.

"Say," the insurance man inquired, "aren't you the fellow who had his picture in the paper yesterday?"

"Yeah—why?" Hank asked, tightening his grip on the squeegee.

Mr. Browning chuckled, and his face reddened with good humor.

"That was good," he chuckled. "I wish I could have seen that sailor when the water hit him. You should have been a bombardier." Then he added, with a deprecating gesture: "That's what I was."

("Talk about something which you and the prospect have in common.")

They discussed English and French girls for ten minutes, with Mr. Browning doing most of the talking. Finally Hank glanced out the window and remarked casually:

"I don't think it will rain after all. I can have these windows done in just a few minutes."

"Okay," Mr. Browning said, grinning. "Go to it."

The insurance man watched with obvious admiration as Hank worked, and after the job was done, he said:

"Could you come back regularly and keep these windows clean?"

"Sure," Hank said. "Next time you can finish telling me about the babe you met in the air-raid shelter."

The next office was that of a young attorney, who had a model of an aircraft-carrier on his desk.

"I don't know whether it's safe for me to walk in on a Navy man," Hank said, grinning, as the attorney looked up from a law book. "I met up with one yesterday, you know, and came off second best."

But the attorney looked blank, so Hank explained: "A sailor locked me out on the sixth floor of the Jefferson Building."

The lawyer grinned broadly. "Oh, you're the window-washer they had in the paper!"

"Yes," Hank said. "Now if you'll promise not to lock me out, I can have your windows clean in just a few minutes."

After he finished the lawyer's windows, Hank tried those of an advertising agency.

"You're in a good business," he told the middle-aged manager of the agency. "I got some free advertising in the paper yesterday, and now business is booming."

"Are you the fellow that was in the paratroops?" the advertising man asked. "I clipped that story and sent it to my boy. He was a paratrooper, too."

When Hank left, the agency's windows were shining, and another name was on the list of steady customers.

At the end of the day Hank staggered wearily into Jeffers' office, sank into a chair, and tossed a paper on to the desk. There were thirty-two names and addresses on the list.

"What's this?" the boss asked suspiciously.

"People that want Acme service on a steady basis," Hank sighed. "There's a little gold mine in those small buildings. Very few of 'em furnish window-cleaning service."

"But how'd you line up so many in one day?" the boss demanded.

Hank grinned. "Just by salesmanship," he said, "and a little free advertising yesterday."

There was the faint start of a twinkle in the boss' eye as he studied Hank. Finally he spoke:

"If you can do this in one day, you must have—" He paused and sighed. "Well," he continued, "I may hate myself later, but—you'll start work here with me in the morning." He puffed his pipe and glared at Hank through the resulting smoke-screen, adding, with a tone of faint hope: "Maybe you'll get married some of these days and really settle down."

Hank's smile spread almost from ear to ear, but suddenly it vanished, and he sat bolt upright.

"Do you have that paper with the pictures in it?" he demanded anxiously.

"It's here somewhere. Why?"

"I've got to find out that sailor's name," Hank said. "He's going to be my best man!"

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

HAZEL

"Certainly wonderful what they can do with rabbit."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

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SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 91, or by post.

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★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Though they may not confess it, few men and women outgrow the habit of making New Year resolutions.

Some may consider the habits that carried them through 1947 good enough to see them through 1948. But most people will resolve to iron out certain characteristics that crept up on them during the past year.

A NUMBER of readers have asked me what I think about making resolutions, so this week I am going to discuss their usefulness.

Here is one of the letters I have received:

"ALL my friends are talking about the New Year resolutions they intend to make. As they are always broken, I think the whole thing futile. Can you see any point in deciding year after year to turn over a new leaf?"

Certainly. To begin with, even if resolutions are broken, the very fact of making them implies that those who do have a private end-of-the-year stocktaking.

Any custom that encourages people to hold up a mental mirror to themselves is a good one. A little session of self-searching has never hurt anybody.

Perhaps, during the past year, you have developed an overbearing manner, the desire to hold the floor. Maybe you even earbash people without knowing it.

Could be you have slipped into the habit of breaking appointments or being late. Perhaps you are less considerate of other people's feelings, not as thoughtful about little things as you used to be.

Without meaning to, you might have let the worldly success and possessions of people you meet influence your opinion of them.

You might have been making other women's men pay you attention just for the heck of it.

You might even have developed the obsession that everything you own has to be bigger and better than anything owned by your friends.

I am all in favor of end-of-the-year stocktakings, and any New Year resolutions that might result from it. And there is always the chance that you really will keep at least some of those resolutions.

* * *

"WHAT can I do? The only girl in the world for me says I am too old for her."

If there is no very great difference in your ages, keep plugging away, and perhaps in time you will convince her that you are the right one.

* * *

"MY husband and I are planning to spend our holidays at a fashionable hotel. Whom should he tip, and when?"

It is usual to tip, when leaving, those people who have been of particular assistance. Obviously you do not tip people who have added in no way to the smooth running and enjoyment of your holiday.

"I AM nearly 17, and troubled because my father and I don't get on the way a father and son should. He won't bother answering my questions, and treats me like a child. When I show interest in something he never takes me seriously. Can you help me?"

It is a habit of parents to continue to look upon their sons and daughters as children, long after they are grown up. To earn your father's respect as a person, and establish a more sympathetic relationship, try to do the next thing he asks you really well.

Don't be self-opinionated in discussion, but show him by what you say that you are a person who thinks for himself and is capable of drawing his own conclusions. Above all, try not to be too idealistic and sensitive. Remember that to your father you are still only a boy. If you go the right way about it, you'll soon win his confidence as an adult.

* * *

"WHAT advice can you give a wife of many years' standing who feels she is no longer needed by her husband?"

Your feeling of not being needed is one shared by many other wives at some time during their marriage. Usually it comes when the children are grown up, the house is running smoothly, and things are financially easier than they were.

Admittedly, you are perhaps not needed as you were as a young wife in the busy years of getting established in the world, but your husband needs you now to share the greater leisure and comforts that time has brought.

I think you are suffering a sense of flatness and reaction after so many busy years. Though he has never told you, your husband might be, too. He'll need you now every bit as much as he did in the past.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"WHEN does a flower girl enter and leave the church? Who pays for the bridesmaids' clothes? Is it in order to cut-in on the newly married couple during the bridal waltz at the reception?"

The flower girl either follows the bride in and out of the church or waits with her mother in the porch and scatters petals in the path of the bride when she comes out. Bridesmaids are expected to pay for their own clothes. There is no ruling about cutting-in, but the bride and groom usually have this dance together.

* * *

"IS it necessary for a young man to ask her father's permission to marry a girl who is over 21?"

Strictly speaking, there is no need for him to do so. But the gesture is one that all fathers appreciate.

* * *

"WE don't want to spoil our adopted daughter's happiness in any way, and we must decide if it is better to tell her future husband that she is adopted or let him continue to believe that she is our daughter by birth."

The matter is a personal one that you can only decide yourselves. But as you have asked for my opinion I advise you to tell the young man. He might easily find out later. Should he do so, he would have every reason to resent not having been told.

"WHAT do you, as an older person, think of boys who act the fool when dancing, and keep talking and joking with people they know, paying no attention to their partner?"

I think that no one has ever told them that it is in the poorest of taste to make their partner feel uncomfortable by laughing and joking with other people. There is time for that between dances. When one is in progress, men should pay attention to their partner and to their partner only.

* * *

"MY parents say the boy I care about is too old for me. He is 20, I am 18. We are forbidden to meet. As he is well thought of by everyone, can you understand this?"

If you were to discuss the matter again with them, I think you would find that what your parents feel is that you have been seeing too much of this boy, and do not mean that he is too old for you, but that you are too young to think seriously about any young man without having first seen more of the world.

* * *

"THOUGH we came together again the man I am in love with once threw me over for someone else. Earlier he had been jilted by the girl to whom he was engaged. He often speaks of marriage, but has never asked for a definite engagement. What do you make of him?"

It may be the effect of the letdown when his first girl jilted him, but the young man appears to be unreliable, to say the least of it.

Step by step you are led to needless tooth extractions

NOW! TEETH CAN BE SAVED WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE CALLED S.R.

S.R. CONTAINS SODIUM RICINOLEATE—WHICH IS USED BY DENTISTS WHEN TREATING INFLAMED, BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND GUM ROT (PYORRHŒA).

It's easy—it's pleasant—right in your own bathroom S.R. gives teeth and gums the same treatment dentists use.

You may have the strongest, whitest teeth in the world—but if your gums are unhealthy, those flawless teeth are doomed. Dentists say that gum trouble leads to more extractions than actual decay. And it can happen so easily! Gums start to bleed, become sore, soft and spongy. Gum Rot sets in and almost before you know it, a sound tooth must be extracted. Now there's no need to risk it! Use the new kind of toothpaste called S.R. Brush your teeth with it—you'll be amazed how much whiter they look. Rub a little S.R. into your gums. S.R. Toothpaste, containing Sodium Ricinoleate, heals and hardens gums, *often after only a few days.* Get a tube of S.R. right away!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS (taken from Guy's Hospital Gazette) show how Sodium Ricinoleate improves teeth and gums

1. *Condition before treatment.*

2. *14 days later, after daily application of Sodium Ricinoleate.*

S.R. TOOTHPASTE SAVES YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT GUARDS YOUR GUMS

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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"A Godsend to us" . . . bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:
"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:
"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immensely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

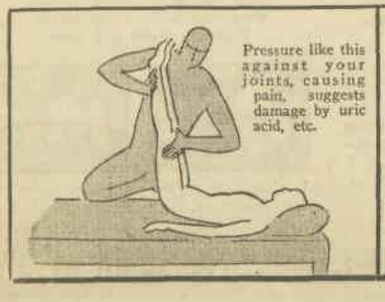
If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

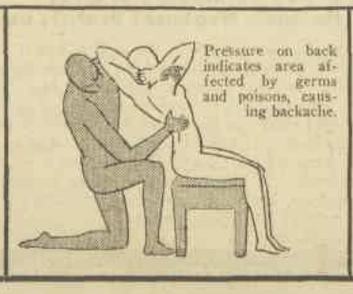
BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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Continuing . . . Hand In Glove

from page 7

SUDDENLY Ned stopped. He was sure that if there had been a mirror near he would have seen his face go haggard. It was ridiculous! It was monstrous! But as he clawed savagely into his pockets he realised that it had happened again. One of the gloves was missing.

Undecided for a moment, he then marched back to the office and to his desk. Each drawer that he pulled out started with a prayer.

He even asked the new fruity blonde who had come clipping along behind him. She told him, no, she hadn't, but he could have the lend of hers if he wanted. He didn't want and went out to eat. He came out of the cafe with the conviction that Helen could beat these city chefs at their own game—well, almost. Or perhaps it was thinking about that lost glove. And then he saw the woman who lived in the flat next to them.

Ideas plus action was Ned's creed. He took off his hat and touched her arm. "Excuse me, Mrs. Stacey——"

"Oh! What!" she said jerkily as she turned. "Why—it's Mr. Dale. I do get so nervous when I'm in the city," she explained.

"I know the feeling," Ned told her. She was a sweet old thing, with round brown eyes. "Matter of fact, I have a problem. I thought maybe you could help me solve it."

"Of course, if I can," she said.

Ned towered over her, the cold wind ruffling his hair. "I think it would be best explained over a cup of tea. Would you join me?" She laughed with unexpected gaiety. "That's just what I had in mind."

"Fine," he said. Taking her by the arm he escorted her back to the table he had left a minute before.

Ned ordered. Then he asked, "You have met Helen—I mean, my wife?"

"Oh, yes. We have a chat now and then."

"Well, it's like this," said Ned. "Helen made me a pair of gloves. Now I've discovered that I've lost one of them. I don't want her to think that I was careless, so——"

"I think I understand."

"I was wondering," Ned went on, "if I could buy one to match in a shop."

"May I see the one you have?" she asked.

Ned showed it to her. She turned it over on her hand with a careful scrutiny, then she handed it back.

"No, I'm afraid you couldn't," Mrs. Stacey told him. "You see, one can always tell the difference between a machine and a hand-knitted pair. Although these have been very well done," she added with a little smile.

"That's what hurts," Ned explained. "She's—wonderful at doing all sorts of things. She might think I don't care whether they are lost or not."

"I don't want to intrude," Mrs. Stacey suggested, "but—perhaps I could help you."

"Just how——" Ned looked puzzled but ever hopeful.

"I was considered rather good at knitting." Mrs. Stacey flushed at this self-recommendation. "Of course, that was years ago."

"You mean you could do one exactly the same?"

"I—I could try."

"Why, that's wonderful of you!" said Ned. "I don't know how I'll repay you."

"That's all right," she assured him. "I have plenty of time."

For a moment he thought of her living in that flat all by herself. Then he said, "How long would it take you?"

"Well, I'm coming into town again on Thursday."

"Then you could have lunch with me," Ned suggested, "and go to a show after."

"I would like that. But——"

"Then it's all settled," he said airily. "We'll meet on Thursday."

With this agreement he parted from Mrs. Stacey and hurried back to the office.

The next morning he explained jauntily to Helen that he had left the other glove at the office. And when he performed the same act of nonchalance the next day, she knew that he was only putting off the evil moment. His confession that another was lost would come eventually.

When he had gone she sat down before the stove. He would be horribly embarrassed when he had to tell her. She could see him already. Standing flustered and shamefaced, looking over her head, the poor dear. It wasn't his fault. He just wasn't meant to think or such trifles.

This was a time when wifely tact might help. What was to prevent her "finding" the glove. His Army greatcoat would be the logical place for the discovery. Triumphantly she could rush out with it when he came home. It would save his face, the poor, dear, silly man.

Although men were funny in some ways. He might not feel flattered if he found out. But she might as well be hung for an over-loving wife as a lamb. With this strange conclusion she rose to start her work.

In high spirits Ned went out to meet Mrs. Stacey. After waiting twenty minutes he was ready to give her up as a lost cause. And then he saw her hurrying towards him. Her hat was slightly askew. She reminded him of a gallant old ship trying to make harbor. He went forward to save her the few steps, at the same time beckoning to a taxi.

"I'm so sorry I'm late," she puffed in apology. "I had to help in—in an emergency."

"Don't give it a thought," Ned told her. "We have plenty of time."

He decided to do her proud and took her to Alex's. A place where she would not feel self-conscious, and he could tip the waiter a shilling without suffering a sneer.

"And now I suppose you want your glove?" Mrs. Stacey said as soon as they were settled into their seats.

"There is no hurry," Ned assured her. "In fact, you had better keep it until after lunch."

Mrs. Stacey's expression clouded faintly.

"I was going to speak to you about it," she said. "I mean, not telling your wife."

He became aware of her growing nervousness.

"That's just what I'm trying to avoid."

"Yes, I see. But she may already have guessed——"

"That I had lost it," Ned smiled. "And what can she say when I go home to-night wearing both of them? You will give me your word you won't mention it?"

"Yes, of course. Oh, I don't know——" Mrs. Stacey said helplessly. Ned patted her hand. He said, "Don't worry your head about it."

She appeared to be very thoughtful as they walked out of the cafe.

That evening Ned could hardly wait until the train stopped at the station. He had worn the gloves from the moment he had left Mrs. Stacey. The new one was a trifle tight on his fingers. But he flattered himself that Helen would not know the difference. He chuckled as he opened the flat door.

"I'm home, honey," he called.

He heard her come from the kitchen. "Oh, darling," she said, "I found your other glove——"

Then she was staring at his hand held up in triumph. And he with equal astonishment was looking at the glove she held in her hand. "How——" he managed to croak. "How does that come about!"

"Why, that's newly knitted!" she said, pointing to Mrs. Stacey's handiwork. "You haven't even streiched the fingertips!"

He found it impossible to look at her and lie.

"You're right," he said. "Mrs. Stacey did this one for me. I asked her not to tell you."

Suddenly Helen burst into tears.

"Oh, Ned," she said, against his coat. "I—I wanted you to think I was clever at everything. Mrs. Stacey knitted mine, too!"

(Copyright)

ALFRED

"Alfred just can't wait to do HIS trick, where you take a card out of the deck and then he tells you which one you took."

YOUNG LOVE . . . .

"I think what mother likes most about you is that you like me."

"Sure, it's a small diamond—but you've got a small hand!"

"Guess you've guessed by now that I'm rather a bashful type, Miss Jones."

Don't let blotchy skin "shoulder" you out of romance, use

REXONA

MEDICATED SOAP

to clear away skin faults

Off-shoulder gowns demand satin-smooth skin. So let Rexona, with its special medicament of Cadyl, float out all those impurities that cause blackheads, pimples and blotches. Regular Rexona care makes skin clear and healthy . . . *naturally* lovely.

* REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Bornyl Acetate—all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

X.64.42.

It isn't fried eggs that make a pan look worse for wear...

It's harsh cleaning.

But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot-cleaner and...

VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching

Its soap-coated particles remove the dirt, but save the surface

V.M.12.161.

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Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

● *Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

MOST of us need a light extra wrap to wear with our summer evening frocks, especially with the bare-shoulder style, so a letter on this subject is my first choice to answer this week.

I hope the advice I give the writer will be of use to the many other readers who have the same problem.

Here is the letter:

Capes are new

"I HAVE a bare-shouldered evening-dress and my only light wrap is a bolero and it looks wrong. What can I wear? I can't afford anything too expensive, and I will probably have to make it myself."

A capelet is much newer than a bolero, and is the perfect little extra wrap for a bare-shouldered dress. If your evening-dress is made in diaphanous material, a short cape made with all-round fine pleating, falling from a tiny shoulder yoke, or two tiers of finely pleated material, would look attractive and be simple enough for the average home dressmaker to draft and make. If the dress is in a heavier weave such as linen, crepe, or satin, a more tailored design would be best. It could be semi-circular, cut to above-the-elbow length, and finished with a tie neckline.

A CAPELET is the perfect little extra wrap for a bare-shouldered dress.

Entertaining at home

"WOULD you tell me the correct dress for home entertaining? My husband and I often have our friends in for a glass of sherry before dinner, or for supper. The men wear business suits and I feel a floor-length skirt is too formal. I did think of a mid-calf dress with an off-the-shoulder neckline, but I'm not just the type."

A blouse and skirt will solve your problem nicely. I don't mean you should wear your day suit with the jacket left off—it will need to be a special skirt and a special blouse. Have the skirt 10 to 12in. from the floor; the length of the skirt should vary to suit the wearer's body proportions. With autumn looming, velveteen would be an excellent choice for the skirt material. Raisin-brown, a green so dark it almost looks black, or grey worn with grey slippers would be good color value. A lace shirt looks new, so does a white lingerie blouse trimmed with lace; or you might prefer the long look of a middy blouse made in wool or silk jersey.

BETTY KEEP, sketched by Turton, wearing her cartwheel coarse straw spring model. It is trimmed with chiffon and one lovely flower.

Evening wedding

"WHAT type of hat would you consider suitable for a formal evening wedding? I am wearing a floor-length dinner dress, but am not the type that can get away with a few flowers and a yard or two of veiling."

A turban would solve your problem, and is newer and smarter than flowers and veiling. There are many variations of the turban theme, but, broadly speaking, the latest are swathed across the crown of the head and fall in a soft drape or drapes to the shoulder. Wide satin or taffeta ribbon in a multi-colored stripe is just about perfect for an evening turban.

Make your own

"I AM 20 years of age, live at home, and have a job. I suppose I am better off than a lot of girls, yet I find I simply can't afford to buy or have made all the clothes I need. I have never been taught home dressmaking, but am ambitious to start."

I think you are a wise and enterprising girl.

Home dressmaking is a passport to more clothes and far more individuality in dressing, with less tax on the budget.

To begin with, don't be too ambitious. Be satisfied to start with a skirt or some simple type of garment. Choose a style you have worn before and one you feel is flattering. A venture into some new fashion trend may be disastrous and put you off sewing for life.

Your pattern will tell you how much material to buy, so select it first.

Don't imagine you can't read and follow a pattern till you have tried.

Follow the cutting chart and put in every notch, tack, and dart; work as indicated.

Pick a solid colored fabric. Plaids, stripes, and florals should not be undertaken till you are sure of your cutting skill.

At the same time as you buy the material and pattern, buy your sewing equipment and tools—matching thread, pins, zipper, tape-measure, needles, and cutting-shears are all necessary.

You will also require a sewing machine, or access to one, an electric iron and ironing-board.

When you have everything ready, give yourself good work conditions and good light. Take over a large table; if possible keep off the floor. Make any necessary adjustments on the paper pattern, not on the dress fabric after it is cut.

Your pattern indicates exactly how each piece is to be placed. It is all down in black and white. Place the tissue on your fabric and pin securely, and then cut in bold, even strokes.

Pressing is important; immediately after sewing each seam of the garment, press it, and press it on the wrong side. If you're pressing a wide seam, slip a piece of paper under the edge to keep it from marking the right side.

Pressing will make just the difference to the garment looking home-made or professional.

Tower-grey is smart

"I WANT to order my autumn suit now and would like your advice. I rather fancy grey, but should I choose a light or dark shade? I thought perhaps you might also suggest a color for my hat and gloves."

For autumn a deeper shade of grey is newer than last year's pale tonings. American designers have popularised a color called tower-grey. It's deeper than slate and just off-black; it's rather like a clerical-grey and it's extremely smart. If you decide on this new shade, choose a carnation-red hat, yellow gloves.

Renovated dress

"I AM hoping you can help me renovate a dinner-dress which is a gift from my sister. The material is black crepe and the dress is made with a sweetheart neckline, short sleeves, and an all-round gathered skirt. I wanted a strapless bodice top, and the skirt in some way made to look fashionable. I am slim and can wear exaggerated styles very well."

To convert your dinner-dress into a bare-shouldered evening-dress you will simply need to cut off the bodice top and either bone the bodice or hold it in place with the narrowest possible shoe string of the dress material. Cut about 6in. off the skirt in front to obtain the new uneven longer back hemline. If you feel the skirt needs further sophistication insert crinoline padding at the hipline for the "rounded" look.

A jacket suit

"IS a full-pleated skirt correct with a long, hippy jacket? I want the suit, which will probably be gabardine if I can buy it, made on tailored lines, but I don't want the jacket to have a man-tailored look. Would you describe a style?"

A longer jacket-line automatically demands a straighter skirt, for the sake of nice balance. Have the jacket with a huge rounded collar that lies out flat across the shoulders. This type of collar will create a cape-like look—and capes are news. Don't forgo shoulder-pads, but have them slightly more rounded than those we wore last season.

For informal dance

"WHAT would be correct to wear to an informal dance to take place at a well-known seaside resort? The invitation says dress informal."

You will be right up to the moment in fashion if you wear an off-the-shoulder full-skirted mid-calf-length dress. Have the dress in striped or checked cotton—there's nothing like cotton for the seashore. Be fussy about shoes and fussy about stockings, leg make-up, or leg grooming. The mid-calf-length hemline draws attention to pretty ankles and chic shoes.

Slit the skirt

"I HAVE followed the new fashion of lengthening all my skirts and now another problem has presented itself. I am making a petticoat slip to wear with the renovated dresses and find, if it is made in a corresponding length to my skirts, there is not sufficient freedom for walking in comfort. Would it be correct to still wear a shorter slip?

Now you have lengthened your skirts (wise girl), your slip must be longer to match. The problem of hemline freedom can easily be solved by two deep slits in the skirt. For extra glamor have the slits lace-edged to match a lace-trimmed bodice top.

HEMLINE freedom problem can be solved with two deep slits in the skirt.

BABY BANTERS

How to make both ends meet

By Constance Bannister

Daddy's always complainin'.

About making "both ends" meet.

Why, shucks!

It's a cinch!

Johnson's Glo-Coat — a bright short cut to gleaming kitchen floors — it shines as it dries — Ask for Johnson's Glo-Coat.

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THE BLUNTS: *New Year Revolutions*

Weekly feature written and illustrated by JILL BLUNT

WELL, now, wasn't it a nice Christmas, despite it all? But I suppose, like us, you're as limp as a stale oyster, and in that frame of mind when you make millions of what my children insist on calling New Year Revolutions—such as no more Christmas parties.

"But Taffy, they're resolutions, not revolutions."

"No, Jill! Look, say we've been naughty all the year round—well, we say on New Year's Day we'll be good for all the next year, see? Like in France, they had bad kings and things and they had a revolution, because they wanted good rulers. Well, that's history."

"Yes sweety-pie, that's perfickly true."

"But my dear dumbclucks, you resolve, you don't revolve, or revolt."

"But how?"

We went into that, because we thought it worth while.

Taffy and Penny and I are on very good terms at the moment. I am generous, kind, and a magnificent cook—in fact a girl with lovely hair, and if, because of this, they're anxious to revolt, revolve, or resolve, and mend their unspeakable ways to grace the new shining year of '48, I'd be the last one to put them off.

This discussion had cropped up during a tense game of animal grab which I was winning, so there was little or no urgency to finish the game. I was a pig, and had to grunt whenever a pair turned up on the pack.

My realistic snorts transfixed the boys, whose characters were that of the rooster and the kookaburra, so that each forgot to crow or laugh at the crucial moment. I was winning too easily, therefore they became ostentatiously indifferent, preferring to chatter.

Patting the fat pack in front of me, I continued:

"I'm going to make at least two resolutions—gromp-gromp!!! Those are mine! Thank you, Penny; you didn't crow, you bleated. I'm going to send Harvey away to a rabbits' reformatory, so that we can grow some nice cabbages and beans and chrysanthemums.

"I'm going to tie a dear little keg of brandy round the orange dog's neck, and send him out into the snow. Well, we'll send him to Baffin's Land or somewhere where there is snow, and then we'll have some nice cushions and chairs left, too."

"Ock-a-ocka-roo," slap! Penny triumphantly clutched his winnings to his bosom.

"I'll stand under it, and Julia'll kiss me."

Taffy was livid. "That's not fair; we oughter start again. How can I go Ha-ha-ha-ha quickly enough? I'll never win anything. Anyway, I'll be glad if you sent that smelly hippopotamus-dog away, but not dear old Harv., and not the new puppy, please not. It reely doesn't matter about those pyjamas; they were awfully old, and I got me newies."

"Gromp, gromp!" I snorted, victorious once more, and the game was over.

Penny clapped his hands, cooing the while. "I'm so glad you won, darling. You don't skite like Taffy when he wins."

"Aw, gee, I reckon she cheated; she had the best noise."

"Oo, Jill didja jest hear him? You're revolting, Taffy, jest when you've been saying you'd be good for a whole year an'——"

"I said nex' year, didn' I? Anyway" he hung his head and, looking exceedingly unrepentent, said, "I apologise. I'm sorry."

The next game was a flop, so we just discussed this approaching New Year till bedtime.

To my horror it transpired that, 11 moons ago, I'd promised to let them stay up next time to hear the whistles if there were any whistles—and this was it! I must have been mad.

"But, Jill, honestly, you did trooly, didn't she Penn? You remember, darling sweet, you had a party an' you said if we were terribly awfully superofficly good we could, because, you know, we were, weren't we?"

I groaned aloud.

What did the grownups do at The Party?

"Well, sometimes people dance."

"Dance?" they gasped in unison.

"Erk!" said Taffy, "not the men I hope to goodness."

Penny, though, was charmed.

"What kinder? Real dancing like this? Tararrump!"

"That's jitterbug, I know, 'cause I sawrit at the picshers."

He twirled on his toe, and flopped into a curtsy.

"No, indeed! Once upon a time people used to dance like that, but now they only shuffle like this." I demonstrated.

"Why on earth?" asked Taffy, disgusted.

"I wouldn't know," I replied truthfully.

"But—but—but . . ." Penny was gibbering, and calling for silence with frantic gestures.

"Look, they do this, and this." He flung himself into terrifying rag-doll attitudes with eyes glazed and tongue lolling.

"That's jitterbug, I know, cause I sawrit at the picshers. Is that wot you do on New Year?"

"Not at my age, Penny," I said primly.

"Aw, come orf it. We've had that. What else, Jill?"

For the life of me I couldn't think what we did at parties except eat and drink, and be decorously merry.

It did sound drab. Then came inspiration! "And mistletoe," I breathed, rolling my eyes.

"Wot's mistletoe?"

"Ha, ha," I chuckled roguishly. "You hang it up, and if you happen to have the—um—misfortune to stand under it anybody can kiss you."

"How disgusting," Taffy said, making a horrible face.

Penny, on the other hand, was enchanted.

"Girls?" he asked, eyes popping, "or just the same sex?"

"Yes, girls if you like."

"How gorgeous. I'll stand under it, and Julia'll kiss me, an' Beth, an' Pam. Are they all coming to the party? Oo, goody!!"

Here he blushed as much as he could. "An'—an' Caroline?"

"Love a duck!" snarled Taffy. "I'd sooner read me 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea'."

At that he didn't think it would be so beaut to stay up, after all.

"B'tt what about these resolutions?" I prodded.

Oh, yes!

Taffy would not leave his shoes in the fish-pond in '48. Penny would do his homework sometimes.

Taffy would not tease Penny, provided Penny stopped pulling hideous faces at him. "Get that, Fattypuff?"

Penny would smash all the heads off Taffy's clay horses if Taffy didn't stop calling him Fattypuff.

Taffy would beat Penny up every day if Penny continued to smash up his horses.

"So that's who it was that did it. You filfy little sneak."

Crash!!!

And a beautiful dream was shattered in a shower of cards—just like in "Alice in Wonderland."

Maybe we will have some revolutions, after all, but I will do the revolting, I imagine.

But before I start, in this time of wishing, we wish you an extremely happy New Year, with plenty of soap-flakes and matches and butter and non-revolving children.

A Thousand Looked On

Continued from page 17

CRANE looked in at the stage-door keeper's box to bid him good morning (these infernal minions could cause you so much embarrassment unless they knew you and liked you), but the old man was asleep in his chair.

Outside, Joe Parotti was leaning against the theatre wall talking to some acrobats. He called, "So long, mate," as Crane strode off, swinging his stick.

Harry Bunce was saying to his wife, "Why the devil did you want to ask him to dinner?"

"Oh, you make me tired," she said. "You pick him up at four-thirty sharp. And bring some beer."

. . . . . .

Walking through the Domain to their apartment house Janie said abruptly, "You know, she was right, Bob."

"Who was right?"

"The old lady—in the Gardens."

"Oh, her?"

"Remember what she said about the lamp-post?"

"Sounded kinda screwy to me."

"No, it wasn't screwy, Bob. It was an idea. All we've been thinking of is a little act to open the second half."

"Well, anything to break in."

"Yes, but, well, I don't know. Ever since that woman talked to us it's been running through my head that perhaps we could be more than a couple of variety tramps content to stick among the fish and chips, with a lot of cheap managers pushing us around. Maybe we could build our act to amount to something."

He said, "I guess I know how you feel, honey, but what can we do we ain't already done? We got a new gag routine, we got a home-made song that no one's ever sung, and we got a few new steps."

"We've got no atmosphere," she said doggedly. "Look at Flaxman. The way he keeps his dopes in the light and still manages that murky background. He makes his act eerie. He's half there before he starts his hokum. Don't you see, Bob. She was right—the old lady. We've got no class. We're just a song-and-dance double working in front of a stock cloth. A fill-in!"

He looked down at her, grinning, taking her arm as they began to climb the steps from Woolloomooloo. "I don't mind bein' a fill-in," he said, "so long as it means a fill-up." For emphasis he rubbed his middle lightly with his free hand.

She stopped and shut her eyes as if in pain. "Laugh over," she said. "Now stop being Bob Struthers, the lion comique, and let's get down to brass tacks."

He sobered quickly. "O.K., honey. You're the boss."

She said, "To begin with, we've got to get tabs and a futuristic lamp-post. I can see my pink chiffon against the black."

He said thoughtfully, anxious to please: "I could see Harry Bunce. Perhaps he could give us something out of stock. I don't know about tabs."

"I could ask Randle."

"Don't you go using any glamor."

"With Randle? Don't make me laugh."

They laughed together at the impossible idea of either's allegiance wavering.

As they presently entered their modest apartment house a man emerged coatless from a rear room on the ground floor. A newspaper, open at the sporting page, dangled from one hand, and he was wiping food off his moustache with a napkin.

"Havin' an early lunch," he explained. "Want to get to Randwick for the first race. I wanted to see youse two. We're in a bit of a fix."

They waited patiently.

"It's like this," he said. "We got a wire. The wife's mother. Comin' down from Wollongong. Think it might mean an operation."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Styles," Janie said.

"We're a bit anxious," the man exclaimed. "Touch and go. Trouble is, we got to have one o' your rooms. Knew you wouldn't want to separate, so I took the liberty of speaking to Del Romo next door. Mrs. Gilpin. She can fix you. Two nice rooms.

"I see," Janie said slowly. "When is your mother-in-law coming?"

"To-night." Styles told her. "Pretty sudden. Don't like to rush you. Hope you don't mind."

Bob began: "It's a——" but Janie interrupted: "Oh, we don't mind, Mr. Styles; we're very sorry for you. But I don't think we'll go to Del Romo, thanks just the same. As a matter of fact, we've been invited to stay with a friend——."

"I get you," the man said. "Good-oh. I'll give Mrs. Gilpin a tinkle." He looked at his watch. "Sorry. Got to get a move on." He hurried away.

Bob said glumly, "Now we got no home. If we go next door to Del Romo she'll probably want a week each in advance."

Janie said, "We're not going to Del Romo. Oh, Bob, I've had a hunch something was going to happen. It's the writing on the wall or whatever you call it. Bob, if you argue till you're blue in the face you won't stop me. We're going out to the old lady's—Mrs. Lindel's."

"But, Janie—we just can't barge in."

"We're not barging in. We've been invited."

"Yeah, but it was kinda vague."

She took hold of the lapels of his coat.

"Bob," she said, looking up at him. "I'm a woman, I know. When some other woman shakes my hand and says, 'So nice to have met you, Miss Er-er. You must come out and see us one of these days,' she doesn't fool me. I know by the way she says it she means, 'One of these years,' and she don't care if she never sets eyes on me again. But Mrs. Lindel's not like that. She's different, Bob.

"She meant it. It was there if we wanted it. If we liked her well enough to take her at her word. Don't you remember what she said about being lonely? People think she's a bit queer and dodge her." She smiled, coaxing him.

"If we take our bags into Del Romo we'll have to stall or else pay in advance, and then we don't eat. Not much, anyway. If we go to Mrs. Lindel's we won't have to pretend, thank goodness. We can say straight out, 'Mrs. Lindel, we're flat broke. We haven't even got a watch we can pawn. Can you tide us over?' I bet she will. Don't you see, Bob? She's been through it."

"She's sorta funny," Bob objected. "She mighta forgot us."

"If she has," Janie said brightly, "we can remind her. Parramatta! Even at the worst it's an outing."

Bob objected: "I was thinkin' of seeing Bunce this afternoon. About that lamp-post prop."

"You can still see him," Janie told him. "You can call in at the Colona on the way to the station—before the matinee. I'll go on with the bags. 'Tisn't as if we've got much belongings."

She gave him a little shove, and with her finger pressed the button for the automatic lift. "C'mon. Let's pack."

To be continued

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

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Joy Ricardo now top-ranking film fashion designer

By cable from BILL STRUTTON of our London office

Because of the number of British films which she is costuming nowadays, Joy Ricardo's name will soon be as familiar to the fashion-conscious cinema-goer as any of the big names in the Hollywood hierarchy of designers.

ONLY one other English name—Cecil Beaton—carries this international prestige.

It was he who designed the lavish period costumes for London Films' magnificent technicolor "An Ideal Husband." Joy Ricardo, on the other hand, designs nothing but modern styles.

"I wouldn't dream of attempting to dress a period film," she says.

"The two things just don't mix. Each requires an entirely different mentality. I believe English film directors are much more co-operative, and work in better with film gown designers than in Hollywood."

Joy's salon is her charming house at Number 33 Hans Place, which is not only a treasure house of new gowns for England's screen stars, but of her own collection of old jewellery and antique furniture.

Artistic home

WARM colors, artistic lighting, and the extreme simplicity of the furnishings lend her private apartments there an air of richness and space.

In personality and looks, Joy Ricardo is very like Loretta Young.

She is a statuesque blonde with a lovely figure and twinkling charm.

Sir Alexander Korda discovered the designing ability of Joy Ricardo first, and engaged her to dress "Perfect Strangers." This brought to Joy her first regular film star client—Deborah Kerr. "Deborah asked me to do her trousseau, and I made it the first British all-wool wedding," Joy smiled. "Even her bridal dress was in fine white wool. Till she left for Hollywood, I designed all Deborah's off-the-set clothes and most of her film gowns.

"Those were crazy days! My salon was a bicycle shop in a country village—rent £1 a week. We had been evacuated there from my pre-war place near Hanover Square, and the Services took all but five of my 26 seamstresses. My Paris training stood me in good stead because I had to ply a needle along with the rest.

"In adapting my work to films, the first thing I realised is that you have to 'cheat on the cut' a little, when you style frocks which sometimes have to look as if they are ready-made.

"When a star has a poor girl part, her dress must be subtly tailored to her figure and yet still suggest that she bought it off the peg.

"I spent six months in Hollywood and learned much from Irene, MGM's famous designer. That was two years ago, when I flew to the United States to display an all-wool wardrobe on Fifth Avenue. It caused quite a stir.

"Wool—as you may have guessed—and French silk jersey are my favorite materials."

Joy credits her new leadership of British film fashions to her French training. Baroness Accourtni, better known as "Ardance," engaged her before the war as a model and apprentice. From there she went on to Patou to learn as much as she could about Parisian haute couture. "My invasion of British Fashion was a planned operation. After my training in France I didn't think I was ready for London.

"The only way I could finally fit myself for this was by actually producing my own designs in my own business, and finding out all the snags attached to the successful running of a couturier's business.

"So I went to Malaya, where I had lived earlier, and designed and made clothes for 'rubber plantation society,' and charged them only what it cost me.

"At present I have my hands full designing costumes for Archer's technicolor ballet film, 'One Night With You,' which stars Pat Roc with Nino Martini.

Tricked star

"COAXING Pat to wear the new length was tricky, and I cheated outrageously.

"She would look at me doubtfully at the first fittings. Each time Pat came in for another fitting, I had let her frocks down a little more. At the last fitting I had her skirt down to 13 inches above the ground. Pat looked at herself in the mirrors and said thoughtfully:

" 'There—I'm sure I was right about not having them as long as you wanted.'

"I ran a tape measure from the ground and showed it to her.

"I told her: 'You are looking at the new hemline, my dear, and you like it!'

"I'm all for French designer Christian Dior's version of the new length; if skirts are to be long, then they should be full and nipped in at the waist."

WALTER PIDGEON rarely appears at Hollywood night-clubs. He prefers to live quietly at home, where he is an enthusiastic amateur gardener, and enjoys helping with the housekeeping tasks. He has completed his next starring role in MGM's adaptation of Hutchinson's famous novel, "If Winter Comes," in which his co-star is English Deborah Kerr.

Film Reviews

★★★ GREEN DOLPHIN STREET

HERE is one of these film "epics" which include just about everything from childbirth to earthquakes.

MGM have lavished a few million dollars on their filming of the prize-winning novel by Elizabeth Goudge, but oddly enough the story is the weakest section of the mammoth production.

Sweeping from the Channel Islands to New Zealand and depicting the lives of early pioneers in their fights against Nature, resentful Maoris, and the difficulties of their own emotional problems, the author has taken the easy way out of some of the situations.

Lana Turner in her biggest film role as ambitious, ruthless Marianne shows that she has made strides in her acting ability, but she should not have been permitted to appear over such a long period with so little change in make-up. Age makes no mark on her.

Van Heflin as adventurer Timothy Haslam and Richard Hart as Marianne's weak husband have the two leading masculine roles. Heflin is the more convincing. Donna Reed as Marguerite, who finds solace in religion when she is cheated of her chance of marriage to the man she loves, gives a warm and moving performance.

With the period settings, and enormous technical achievements, the film makes satisfying general entertainment.—Liberty; showing.

★★★ THIS TIME FOR KEEPS

THE best musical of its kind to be seen for some time comes as a good Christmas release from MGM. While Esther Williams is the lovely swimming star, top honors really are shared between Jimmy Durante, who rarely has been in better form, and a superb holiday resort, Lake Mackinoc, seen in winter and summer. Scenes of the resort are bound to give itchy feet to the most sedate stay-at-home people.

A slight and wandering story really doesn't matter much, except that it shows Esther in typical swimming scenes between finding, losing, and refinding romance with promising newcomer Johnnie Johnston. Jimmy Durante is her guide, philosopher and friend, and he acts well. His song, "I Found the Lost Chord," is a comedy gem.

Benign Lauritz Melchior sings a few arias and handsome Dick Simmons marks a definite niche for himself in the memory. Dame May Whitty and youngster Sharon McManon as oldest and youngest of the players fit in well.

Top-grade technicolor and some good scenes of water ballets add to the credit of what is a fine chance to forget all cares for an hour or two.—St. James; showing.

★★ I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

TREATED with more restraint than usual, this newest technicolor musical from Fox is a good one, mainly due to the careful under-playing of handsome Mark Stevens as composer Joe Howard, and the vivacity of Martha Stewart as one of the women in his life. June Haver (distinctly overweight) is less attractive as the girl who marked Howard down as her property while she was still a schoolgirl and followed him round the countryside causing trouble.

Producer George Jessel has managed to avoid many of the difficulties which come from biographies of living people. (Howard now is over eighty.)

Martha Stewart sings well, acts with spirit, and she is a welcome addition to the list of musical comedy stars. Another outstanding performance is that of Lenore Aubert as a brunette musical star.—Plaza; showing.

★★ BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

COLUMBIA have given Ron Randell a far better film for his second "Bulldog Drummond" thriller, and with the star's easy, competent acting it all adds up to good box-office prospects.

The story is based on an original idea. During the British blitz many families became lost or separated, and records were destroyed. Writers Edna and Edward Anhalt have used Sapper's famous amateur detective as the medium for solving the plot of a gang of conspirators who make false claims to a wealthy estate. Gloria Henry and Anabel Shaw are the two girls who claim the same fortune, and Drummond proves the case of the rightful owner.

Ron Randell's performance makes it easy to see why his studio has recognised his right to bigger and better roles.—Capitol; showing.

HUMPHREY BOGART and his wife, Lauren Bacall, who will be seen together in their next Warners film, "Dark Passage," relax in the garden of their Beverly Hills home, with their pet dog, Harvey.

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Stars In Hollywood

KIRK DOUGLAS, fair-haired dramatic actor, who was recommended for films to Paramount producer Hal Wallis by Lauren Bacall, with whom he studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His next film will be "I Walk Alone."

DEANNA DURBIN, who has made a successful screen comeback in her Universal International film, "Something In The Wind," now showing in Australia. After her attempt at dramatic roles Deanna now will play romantic comedies.

GREER GARSON recently signed one of the most fabulous screen contracts in film history. As star for MGM, she will receive top billing for the next fourteen years and an income of ten thousand pounds a year for life. She will co-star soon with Walter Pidgeon in "Speak To Me Of Love" in their fifth film appearance together.

CLAUDE RAINS, versatile star, owes his success to sheer ability as an actor. With unimpressive stature and looks, he has quick intelligence and charm. His next picture will be "The Unsuspected," with Audrey Totter.

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Baby Drummond's Parents say:

"Baby's hair used to be straight—but after a few applications of Curlypet we were delighted with the change. Baby now has a mass of curls greatly admired. At Baby Shows the judges always remark on his hair."

If far from chemist or store, send postal note or stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail.

One month's treatment At chemists and stores everywhere. 3/8

*Make Baby's Hair Grow Curly with Curlypet

1 LOSS OF MEMORY prevents Louise Howell (Joan Crawford) from telling Dr. Willard (Stanley Ridges) her name, after she has been brought into the Los Angeles County Hospital by ambulance.

2 CLOTHING LABELS provide only clue to her previous existence; but questioning reveals she worked for Dean Graham (Raymond Massey) as nurse for his wife.

POSSESSED

WARNER BROTHERS' "Possessed" gives Joan Crawford her third serious role in succession, and is in the same tradition as "Mildred Pierce" and "Humoresque." She co-stars with Van Heflin, and the role of Dean Graham is played by Raymond Massey. This is the first screen role that Massey has played out of uniform since his return from service in the Canadian Army as a major. His other roles included a general in "God Is My Co-pilot" and a Nazi in "Hotel Berlin." A newcomer to the screen who is given a big opportunity in this picture is Geraldine Brooks, who plays the part of Carol Graham. Geraldine, who is 21 years old, started play acting in her parents' back garden, where sheets drying on the line formed the backdrop for her stage.

3 MADLY IN LOVE with David Sutton (Van Heflin), she had been rejected by him, according to story she tells.

4 SUICIDE is verdict when Mrs. Graham is drowned. She had accused Louise of trying to steal her husband.

5 ACCUSATION is repeated by her daughter, Carol (Geraldine Brooks), who discharges Louise, but is thwarted by Dean Graham who asks Louise to stay on and to run his home for him.

6 STILL IN LOVE with David, Louise marries Dean, hoping prestige and money will make her more attractive to man she loves, but who now spurns her.

7 LEARNING that David and Carol plan to marry, she calls on David in fury. She confronts him with a gun, declaring if she cannot have him no one else shall. So ends the strange, tragic story she tells Dr. Willard.

8 LOCATING Dean, the doctor sends for him, warning him Louise is ill. He still loves her deeply, believes she will recognise him.

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ALL THAT GLITTERS . . .

● Moonstones made of plastic are used in an elegant set. In the centre is the necklet and underneath the bracelet. The brooch on the left and earrings at right complete the set.

● Costume jewellery above shows richly-colored stones set in clever gilt bows. An alternative design is shown in the model's right hand.

★ **These jewellery sets are owned by Mrs. Marshall Ney, of St. Ives, New South Wales, who brought them home with her from America. They are typical of jewellery which will be produced here by Herring of Australia. Extensive experiments with plastics have resulted in the perfecting of imitation stones of beautiful colors and shapes.**

● Small and large crown above are set with real moonstones. Comparison of these with plastic stones at top right shows the possibilities of plastic jewellery.

● A gold-plated coil is fastened with a spectacular jewel to make the necklet and bracelet shown above centre. Earrings match red, blue, and white jewelled fastening.

● American women like the brooch-cum-pendant. The pieces shown at right look equally well whether pinned on a frock or hung as a pendant on a silver chain.

● Plastic is used to make this large bracelet which is only feather-weight. The hair clips called barettes are popular in America.

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Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

Cute costume, slave girl. But what good is your masquerade if underarm odour gives you away? Don't take chances. Rely on *Mum*.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing away *past* perspiration. But to guard against *future* underarm odour, play safe — use *Mum*!

Snow-white *Mum* is gentle, harmless to skin and fabrics.

Mum gives sure protection against underarm odour all day or evening.

Mum

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LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND CLOTHES FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

You do want smart, attractive clothes, don't you? Of course you do—things with style and originality; but when shopping for them you find it practically impossible to get a frock within your means, or one that isn't duplicated at least a dozen times when you walk down the street. But, still, it is possible for **YOU** to be one of the smartest dressers. It is possible for you to make clothes for all your loved ones—and **YOU'RE SAVING MONEY** and coupons all the time. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. Send for this splendidly illustrated Free Book, "How to Design, Cut, and Make Smarter Clothes." It tells you how. But you must hurry.

HURRY COUPON FOR YOUR COPY

SEND NO MONEY

THE DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING,
Dept. 37, 24 Clarence Street,
Sydney, N.S.W.

Dear Madame—
Send me by return mail your FREE BOOK all about Dressmaking and Designing, entitled "How to Design, Cut, and Make Smarter Clothes." Enclose 2½d. in stamps.

NAME .....

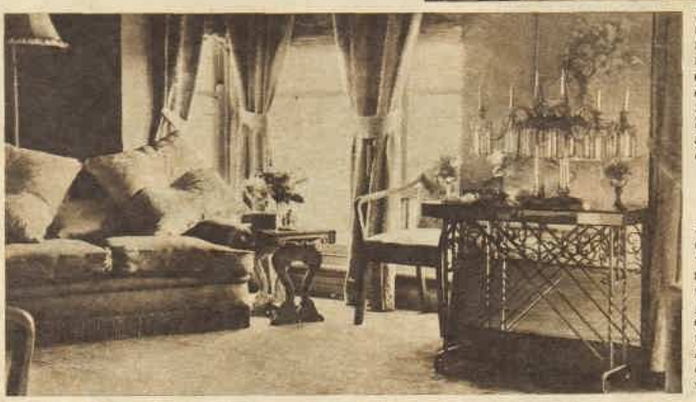
ADDRESS .....

3/1/48.

FIREPLACE treatment in this beautifully furnished room will interest those who are planning a new home or the rejuvenation of living-room or lounge.

★ **Pictures show glimpses of the charmingly furnished lounge of Mrs. Henry Rosenthal's flat in Spring Street, Melbourne.**

IN the street below is the rush of city traffic, but from the french windows Fitzroy Gardens are seen with the hills in the background, a scene that has almost rural charm.



EXQUISITE candelabra (left) on wrought-iron stand is reflected in wall mirror. At night, glowing with candlelight, effect is enchanting. Settee cushions are covered with hand-woven silk damask.

ANOTHER corner of Mrs. Rosenthal's lounge, in which delicate oyster tonings of the furnishings give an illusion of spaciousness as well as being an appropriate background for rich wood and colorful accessories. Interior decorator Fraser Bird, of George's, collaborated with Mrs. Rosenthal in redecorating the lounge recently.

A CARVED side-table which carries a standard lamp, pictures, and flowers gives balance to this end of the room. The clear glass-panelled door you see with its mastiff stopper opens off the long entrance hall.

Poison antidote legacy of war . . .

By MEDICO

"I'VE been helping my husband spray his fruit trees with arsenic, and I've come out in a rash all over my arms. Can you give me something to soothe it?" asked Mrs. J.

"A legacy from wartime research can solve your problem in a few hours," I told her. "We have always known that arsenic was poisonous, but it has only recently been discovered how it acts."

"How *does* this new antidote work?" she asked.

"It acts like a chemical magnet, and draws the arsenic out of the tissues. Every little cell in the body has to breathe, and it does this through a chemical 'nose' called an SH group.

"The arsenic blocks up this chemical 'nose' in the same sort of way that a wet cloth held over a person's nose and mouth can cause suffocation."

"Is that why my arms are covered in blisters?"

"The cells in the skin of your arms have been suffocated by the arsenic. So I'll inject this new antidote, which has a greater 'pull' or affinity for the arsenic than the SH groups to which it is attached."

"Will that cure my rash?" asked Mrs. J.

"The cells which have been poisoned by the arsenic will be able to breathe again, and all will be well."

"Are there any other poisons which this new antidote will cure?"

"Mercury, gold, and silver are the other three main ones which can be neutralised."

"How could anyone be poisoned with those?"

"Mercury antiseptics such as corrosive sublimate can be taken as a tablet in mistake for calomel, and gold poisoning can occasionally result from the gold-injection treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. Silver poisoning can occur in professional photographers."

"How was this new antidote discovered?"

"British scientists were studying the effects of an arsenical war gas called 'Lewisite.' In case the enemy used such a gas, protection would be available. That is why the new antidote is called British Anti-Lewisite, or Bal for short."

"Could I have protected myself from arsenic poisoning with this antidote?"

"By smearing an ointment containing Bal on the exposed parts you would have been safe, but a much simpler way would be the use of protective clothing to cover all the body. A long-sleeved overall, gloves, and a hat with a coarse veil would have protected you."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

TO clean crystal lamp-bases, add a few drops of household ammonia to a small amount of clear water, apply with a soft cloth, then rinse and dry thoroughly.

★ ★ ★

SAVE bottle-caps. Sixty-four nailed to a board and kept outside back door will make an excellent footscraper for muddy days. Two, nailed to a small piece of wood or an old handle, make a good fish scraper.

★ ★ ★

TO remove coffee stains from a washable fabric, soak in water in which potatoes have been boiled. If any residue persists it can usually be bleached with lemon juice.

IS YOUR HAIR 'SORT OF' FAIR OR MOUSY?

STA-BLOND'S *New* "MAKE-UP" SHAMPOO will give it a definite fair colour *without ugly bleaching*

Sta-blond will make it 4-6 lovelier lustrous shades LIGHTER

Sta-blond's new 'make-up' Shampoo contains two wonderful new discoveries —Lanael and Calophol. These feed natural oil to the hair roots, ending "*dry scalp*"—make the hair easy to manage.

Try it. See why 20,000,000 packets were sold in United States, Britain, South Africa, Canada and other countries of the world in 1946. (Sta-blond is called Blonder in some countries.)

STA-BLOND

MAKES YOU PRETTIER!

Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 2473SS, Sydney.

S.SS

Don't let success SLIP AWAY

Do you still have the buoyant energy that brought happiness, money and success in business? Do you still radiate charm in your social life? Or are you depressed, nervy, irritable, your hard-won success and popularity just slipping away from you through weariness and nervous strain? If that is a true story, you need WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS is a natural tonic wine that fortifies the nerves and brain, is blended from choice wines and strengthening ingredients. Many thousands of recommendations from medical men prove how WINCARNIS brings back the alertness of normal health. You'll feel brighter in mind and body with the first glass of WINCARNIS, the "Quick Action" tonic.

Don't dread sick headaches

deal with —

'SLUGGISH SYSTEM'

Don't let sick headaches rob you of the fun of life. Attack the root of the trouble with Beecham's Pills, the unfailing treatment for constipation.

Try a regular daily dose of Beecham's Pills and make minor upsets a thing of the past.

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Beecham's Pills

THE VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

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RELAX FOR BEAUTY

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

● *Devote twenty . . . fifteen . . . or even ten minutes a day to relaxing and all tenseness will very quickly disappear.*

ALL the make-up in the world cannot hide lines on a tired face. The only cure for that is rest, and it is surprising how a little relaxation, taken the right way, in whatever moments you can call your own, pays off in good looks and vitality.

Some people find relaxation in reading, or sewing, or dancing, or playing tennis, and perhaps it does apply in the sense that activity is centred on something outside oneself and gives release from work-a-day problems.

But from the beauty angle relaxation means deliberate mental and muscular "letting go." It does not require hours of luxurious free time, nor does it cost anything. The only obligation is a few minutes each day of doing nothing at all but letting the kinks untie and energy rebuild.

Tension shows, and is felt, in the back of the neck, the shoulders, the lower facial muscles, the eyes particularly, the knee-backs, hands and feet, and, to some extent, around all the joints.

First of all, let us consider a busy housewife. Of course she becomes tired and needs an energy saver. She should try to rest in the afternoon—fifteen, or even ten, minutes is a help.

It is usually best to begin relaxing lying full length, arms down at sides, without constricting clothing, in a room where you can be alone. It should be quiet, the light not too strong, the bed or couch neither too soft nor uncomfortably hard.

A deep muscular stretch is a good start, followed by several deep breaths, filling the lungs and expelling the air—hard. Then . . . . go limp in every muscle . . . try to make the mind blank.

This is the difficult part for beginners, and possibly won't succeed the first, or even the fifth, time it is tried. Best forget altogether the word "relaxation," for very likely it will cause muscles to tighten. Rather, think "limp," and direct the thought to the various points of tension in turn until each is soothed and passive, beginning with the neck muscles and working down to the feet.

Perseverance is the keynote here because there may at first be an apparent absence of results.

Small children can also be taught how to relax for a certain length of time each day. It is with young fry that relaxation-education should begin, so that it becomes lifelong habit.

The speed of modern office and plant makes everybody respond unconsciously to the same rhythm. The lunch-hour is likely to be a dash against time to do a bit of shopping or meet someone for a meal. Too-thin, nervous women are too often the result, yet the life-saving knack of relaxing while on the job is only a matter of "knowing how."

Without benefit of audience, who would doubtless find it more than faintly funny, sit well back in an office chair, quite straight. Now, drop the chin forward on to the chest in a relaxed position, with arms hanging limply and heavily at the sides. Next begin to straighten up the spine, beginning at lower back, each vertebra in succession and until the back is straight and the neck muscles comfortably upright.

Repeat two or three times to give the nerves a change, and the body begins to feel refreshed.

Or stretch once every hour on the job—a deep, muscle stretch—if it is possible. Slowly rotate the head. Let it drop front, right, back, left. Reverse.

Breathe deeply whenever out-of-doors. Walk with long, even steps instead of short, staccato ones that use up so much energy.

Under the heading of tension-easers come these suggestions:

● Before going to bed stretch deeply, yawn frequently.

● When sleep evades you, lie with the feet 18in. higher than the head. Begin lying in this position about five minutes, and increase gradually to fifteen, or more if possible. This is equivalent in rest benefit to an hour in the usual sleeping position.

● Or compose yourself in a comfortable position, lying on the back with a small pillow under the knees, one under the neck, and one under each elbow. Let the jaw sag and close the eyelids gently. Breathe slowly, deeply, rhythmically. Each time you exhale say "be limp, be limp."

● One may also benefit from the night's rest by arranging a slight elevation of the bed. Begin by placing a block about two inches high under the foot of the bed. Over a period of a month, increase to a four-inch lift. This not only helps relaxation, but it is wonderful for keeping face and neck from sagging.

For real and lasting benefit from exercises of this kind they must be practised until relaxation becomes second nature and automatic; when that happens you've attained perfect mental and muscular balance.

BABY'S PLAYGROUND IMPORTANT

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

A SUITABLE playpen should always be included in nursery equipment.

It ensures baby's safety when he begins to crawl and extend the area of his activities.

It must be introduced early—before baby has crawled around after you and had the "freedom of the floors"—or he will resent being restricted to it.

If he is put in it for his exercise from 6 months and onwards, he will soon come to regard it as his own little domain; will spend hours in it with his playthings, and later will learn to walk around it.

The best type of playpen is one with a floor raised a few inches from the ground. This is healthier, and baby can be outside even when grass or ground is damp.

A model playground such as described may be seen at our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Room 10, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge St., Sydney, N.S.W.

"MARRIED IN 1892,
Mrs. Vincent is still a VELVET SOAP user!"
says Aunt Jenny

Well known for her welfare work is charming 79-year-old Mrs. S. Vincent, "Como," Albury, N.S.W.! Married 55 years ago, Mrs. Vincent has found Velvet Soap a valuable friend. Read her interesting story.

(Original letter on our files.)

"IMAGINE—it's 23 years since my son Ronald gave me this bed quilt," says Mrs. Vincent, "and just look—there's not a break in it. Of course, I've always washed it in Velvet's gentle suds, and that's had a great deal to do with keeping it good!" That's what all good housewives say, isn't it, ladies?

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out, because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.

Tune in every morning
Monday to Thursday
"AUNT JENNY'S
REAL-LIFE STORIES"

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THE MOST EFFECTIVE INSECTICIDE YOU CAN BUY

He has come safely and happily through teething by the aid of Steedman's Powders, the safe gentle aperient which for over 100 years mothers have given to children up to the age of 14 years.

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The SAFE way to buy lamps

When a lamp bears the PHILIPS brand it's a *safe* lamp, a *reliable* lamp, a lamp made in Australia to the world's highest standards of lighting efficiency. *There is no better lamp than a PHILIPS.*

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Featherlight Sponges

WALNUT ring sponge, chocolate sponge with peppermint frosting, iced sponge squares are illustrated above.

● Success in sponge-making depends on careful measuring . . . light mixing . . . and baking in steady, even heat.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

LIGHT, velvety, golden-brown sponge filled with mock or fresh cream and topped with soft frosting never loses its popularity.

Sponges to be eaten the day they are cooked can be made without using butter, though the small quantity used in most recipes (seldom more than one teaspoonful) does improve the texture.

The following hints and suggestions are worth keeping with the recipes on this page. Follow them carefully to ensure success.

● Preheat oven 15 minutes and turn gas tap half off when placing in oven. If the oven has a thermostat or thermometer, set the control at 375 degrees for gas, 425 degrees electric.

● Use tins recommended in recipe. Measure across base of tin (not across top) when assessing size. If tins are too small, the mixture will rise above edge of tin, and appearance will be spoiled. Grease tins well; the bottom may be lined with grease paper or a small square only placed in centre.

● Eggs must be fresh and of average size. If eggs are small, an extra one may be used without increasing other ingredients.

● Castor sugar gives the finest texture, but crystal sugar may be used, provided beating is continued until all sugar is dissolved. A rotary beater gives best results.

"Folding" ingredients into a mixture does not mean stirring in. Use a tablespoon, take it down through the mixture, across the bottom of the bowl, and up to the surface again with a rolling-down-and-up-and-over movement.

● The average-sized gas or electric oven will accommodate both tins on the one shelf—above the centre in a gas oven, below the centre in electric oven. Do not open oven door for at least ten minutes. If both tins do not fit on one shelf, place one above the other, and reverse during last five minutes of cooking time.

● Sponges shrink slightly from sides of tin when cooked, and leave no impression when pressed lightly with the finger. Allow to stand a minute, and shake tin gently to loosen before turning out.

WALNUT RING SPONGE

Three eggs, pinch of salt, ¾ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 level tablespoon cornflour, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 heaped teaspoon butter, mock cream or butter icing, chopped walnuts, almond essence.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Gradually add sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks and lemon rind, mix well. Thoroughly but lightly fold in sifted flour, soda, cream of tartar, and cornflour; lastly fold in heated milk and melted butter. Pour into well-greased ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, top with almond-flavored mock cream or butter icing and sprinkle thickly with chopped walnuts.

ICED SPONGE SQUARES

Three large eggs, pinch salt, ¾ cup castor sugar, ¾ cup flour, ½ cup cornflour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter.

For Chocolate Squares: One dessertspoon cocoa blended smoothly with 1 extra tablespoon milk, quantity vanilla-flavored white icing, chopped cherries.

For Cocoanut Squares: Half-teaspoon vanilla, quantity of chocolate icing, desiccated coconut. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until sugar dissolves.

Add egg-yolks and mix well. Fold in flour, cornflour, soda and cream of tartar sifted together 2 or 3 times. Lastly fold in milk and butter heated until butter melts. If making coconut squares add vanilla with the milk; if for chocolate squares, fold blended cocoa into mixture after dry ingredients, but before milk.

Turn into well-greased slab-tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with white icing and decorate with cherries; or ice with chocolate icing and sprinkle with coconut.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE WITH PEPPERMINT FROSTING

Three eggs, pinch of salt, ¾ cup castor sugar, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon butter, mock cream, peppermint frosting, mint leaves.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is thoroughly dissolved. Mix in egg-yolks. Blend cocoa to a smooth paste with half the milk. Heat balance of milk with butter until butter is melted. Sift flour, soda, and cream of tartar 2 or 3 times. Fold dry ingredients lightly but thoroughly into egg mixture. Lastly fold in blended cocoa and hot milk. Turn into 2 greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold join with mock cream and top with peppermint frosting. Decorate with mint leaves.

PEPPERMINT FROSTING

Seven-eighths of a cup sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon water, 2 drops peppermint essence.

Place sugar, egg-white, and water into a basin, beat over a saucepan of boiling water (using a rotary beater) for exactly 7 minutes. Remove from stove, continue beating until cool and very thick. Add essence, spread roughly over cake, and allow to set.

STRAWBERRY CREAM SPONGE

Two eggs, pinch of salt, 3oz. castor sugar, ¾ cup self-raising flour, 3 dessertspoons milk, 1 level teaspoon butter, whipped cream or mock cream, strawberries.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly with pinch of salt. Add sugar gradually and beat until thoroughly dissolved. Lightly but thoroughly fold in sifted flour, and lastly milk and butter heated together until butter melts. Turn into well-greased recess-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) approximately 20 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler, when cold fill recess with cream, and decorate with strawberries.

LUSCIOUS STRAWBERRY cream sponge takes pride of place on afternoon tea or supper table.

** There's nothing like daily cups of Delicious 'OVALTINE' for busy people, children, convalescents and nursing mothers **

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WHY CHILDREN NEED VITAMINS

Recent vitamins tests on school children carried out in Gt. Britain recall the earlier series of similar tests before the war.

The Medical Officer in charge of a large Children's Convalescent Home, anxious to determine the effect of adding vitamins to children's diet, gave them Bemax every day. He duly took stock of the results. They were astonishing. Here are a few :—

Name	Age	Gain	Period
Winnie B. ..	12	11½ lbs.	4 months
Margaret H. ..	13	17 lbs.	7 months
Kenneth G. ..	7	8½ lbs.	6 weeks
Jess W. ..	11	6 lbs.	6 weeks
Doris G. ..	10	7½ lbs.	11 weeks
Olive K. ..	10	6 lbs.	6 weeks
Thomas G. ..	8	6 lbs.	6 weeks

The figures tell their own story. It was recorded that "the general improvement in health and stamina was in many cases remarkable, absence of colds and winter ailments being specially notable."

Remember that these results were achieved at a time when protective foods were unrestricted. The benefit to be derived from the rich concentration of vitamin B in Bemax is obvious.

Ask your Chemist or Stores for

BEMAX

Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 36-40, Chalmers Street, Sydney

(A Product of Vitamins Ltd., London)

There's no substitute for Plasticine

The original modelling material made by HARBUTT'S

fortuna cloth

HERE'S a delicious and easily prepared summer sweet: Peach halves (tinned or home cooked) placed in crisp pastry - case, covered with lemon jelly, and, when set, decorated with roses of mock cream or fresh whipped cream.

SAVORY SNACKS served with drinks should have a piquant, appetising flavor. . . . Salted pretzels and pumpernickel (obtainable from delicatessen stores) sandwiched with cream cheese or thinly sliced block cheese are quickly made savories.

Prizewinners from readers . . .

Recipes for New Year

START 1948 by adding new recipes to your files and sharing with other readers good ones you have worked out yourself.

The quick-mix fruit cake which wins the main prize this week is one you'll want to try.

Made in a few minutes, with no tedious creaming of shortening and sugar, the result is a full-flavored, moist cake with good keeping qualities.

Brown sugar may be used instead of white, and the addition of ½ teaspoon mixed spice gives extra flavor.

For something new in the cool drink line, try the prune cordial. Orange and lemon juice, and prune pulp and juice make a wholesome, health-giving thirst-quencher.

QUICK-MIX LUNCH-BOX CAKE

Half-pound plain flour, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½lb. margarine or butter, ½lb. mixed fruit, 2oz. mixed peel, ½ pint milk, 1 egg, vanilla.

Sift flour, soda, and salt. Rub in shortening, add fruit and peel, mixing well. Heat milk, pour on to beaten egg and vanilla. Make well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in hot liquid, mix well. Turn into deep, greased and lined 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 1½ to 2 hours. Allow to cool in tin.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. S. Mahoney, 33 Osmond St., St. Leonards, S.A.

PLUM SAUCE

Seven pounds dark plums, 3lb. sugar, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 3 pints vinegar, 1oz. ground ginger, small piece garlic.

Wash plums well, remove stalks. Place in enamel-lined pan with all other ingredients and allow to stand several hours. Boil slowly 1½ to 2 hours. Rub through a coarse strainer or strain through a colander. Bottle when cold into clean, dry jars, and seal down air-tight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. de Beer, 98 Alma Rd., Caulfield SE7, Vic.

PRUNE CORDIAL

One pound prunes, 1 quart cold water, juice of 4 oranges, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, pinch salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons honey, few drops vanilla.

Wash prunes well. Cover with the cold water, add salt. Stand 12 hours. Bring to boil in same water, simmer until tender. Rub through sieve or coarse strainer. Add fruit rind and juices, honey and vanilla. Chill well before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Gregory, C/o Post Office, South Carlton, Vic.

LEMON JELLY

One dozen thin-skinned, juicy lemons, water, sugar.

Remove all rind from lemons carefully—this is important, as any remaining rind will cloud the jelly. Slice lemons thinly, place in preserving-pan with water to barely cover. Boil until fruit is pulpy—about ½ hour. Strain through several layers of muslin or a proper jelly-bag, allowing to drip into basin for several hours. Measure and allow 1 cup sugar to each cup liquid. Return to preserving-pan with sugar, bring slowly to boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil quickly until a little will jell when tested on a cold saucer. Pour carefully into hot, dry jars, and seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. LeMesurier, Flat 3, 62 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

CHERRY CUSTARD PIE

Half pound shortcrust or biscuit pastry, ½lb. cherries, scant ½ cup water, 2 or 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 level dessertspoon cornflour, 1½ cups smooth boiled custard, 1½ teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons water.

Roll pastry thinly and line tart-plate. Prick base well with fork. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to become cold. Wash cherries well, remove stalks. Place sugar in saucepan with the ½ cup water. When boiling, add cherries, simmer until tender. Remove cherries, measure ½ pint of the syrup. Thicken with cornflour blended with a little extra water; add pink coloring if liked. Add half the cherries, cool slightly, pour into pastry-case, allow to set. Soften gelatine with the 2 tablespoons cold water, stir over boiling water until dissolved. Add to custard with balance of cherries. When beginning to thicken, pour into pastry-case, chill until set. Garnish with extra cherries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Todd, Box 49, Post Office, Collins St., Melbourne.

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